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A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL

By
IAN MACLAREN

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Number Two—"BULLDOG"

THE head master of a certain great English school is accustomed to enlarge in private on the secret of boy-management, and this is the sum of his wisdom: Be kind to the boy, and he will despise you; put your foot on his neck, and he will worship you. This deliverance must, of course, as its eminent author intends, be read with sense, and with any modification it must be disappointing to philanthropists, but it is confirmed by life.

Let a master, not very strong in character and scholarship, lay himself out to be a boy's friend—using affectionate language, overseeing his health, letting him off impositions, sparing the rod, and inciting him to general benevolence—and the boy will respond, without any doubt, but it will be after his own fashion. The boy will take that master's measure with extraordinary rapidity; he will call him by some disparaging nickname, with an unholy approximation to truth; he will concoct tricky questions to detect his ignorance; he will fling back his benefits with contempt; he will make his life a misery, and will despise him as long as he lives.

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Let a man of masculine character and evident ability set himself to rule and drill boys, holding no unnecessary converse with them, working them to the height of their powers, insisting on the work being done, not fearing to punish with severity, using terrible language on occasion, dealing with every boy alike without favor or partiality, giving rare praise with enthusiasm, and refraining always from mocking sarcasm—which boys hate and never forgive—and he will have his reward.

They will rage against him in groups on the playing-fields and as they go home in companies, but ever with a keen appreciation of his masterliness; they will recall with keen enjoyment his detection of sneaks and his severity on prigs; they will invent a name for him to enshrine his achievements, and pass it down to the generation following; they will dog his steps on the street with admiration, all the truer because mingled with awe. And the very thrashings of such a man will be worth the having, and become the subject of boasting in after years.

There was a master once in Muirtown Academy whose career was short and inglorious, as well as very disappointing to those who believed in the goodness of the boy. Mr. Byles explained to Mrs. Dowbiggin his idea of a schoolmaster's duty, and won the heart of that estimable person, although the Doctor maintained an instructive silence, and afterward hinted to his spouse that Mr. Byles had not quite grasped the boy nature.

"Yes, Mrs. Dowbiggin, I have always had a love for boys—for I was the youngest of our family, and the rest were girls—seven dear girls, gentle and sweet. They taught me sympathy. And don't you think that boys, as well as older people, are ruled by kindness, and not by force? When I remember how I was treated, I feel this is how other boys would wish to be treated. Muffins? Buttered, if you please. I dote on muffins! So I am a schoolmaster."

"You are needed at the Academy, Mr. Byles, I can tell you, for the place is just a den of savages! Will you believe me, that a boy rolled James on the ground till he was like a clay cat yesterday—and James is so particular about being neat!—and when I complained to Mr. MacKinnon, he laughed in my face and told me that it would do the laddie good? There's a master for you! Thomas John tells me that he is called 'Bulldog,' and although I don't approve of disrespect, I must say it is an excellent name for Mr. MacKinnon. And I've often said to the Doctor, 'If the masters are like that, what can you expect of the boys?'"

"A salmon-fisher showed us how to rub Nestie till he came round, and . . . he smiled to us, and said, 'I'm all right; sorry to trouble you chaps'"

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"Let us hope, Mrs. Dowbiggin, that there will soon be some improvement; and it will not be my fault if there isn't. What I want to be is not a master, but the boys' friend, to whom the boys will feel as to a mother, to whom they will confide their difficulties and trials," and Mr. Byles' face had a soft, tender, far-away look.

It was only for one winter that he carried on his mission, but it remains a green and delectable memory with old boys of the Academy.

How he would not use the cane because it brutalized boys, as he explained, but kept Peter MacGuffie in for an hour, during which time he remonstrated with Peter for his rude treatment of James Dowbiggin, whom he had capsized over a form, and how Peter's delighted compatriots climbed up one by one to the window and viewed him under Mr. Byles' ministrations with keen delight, while the Sparrow intimated to them by signs that they would have to pay handsomely for their treat.

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How he would come on Jock Howieson going home in a heavy rain and ostentatiously refusing even to button his coat, and would insist on affording him the shelter of an umbrella, to Jock's intense humiliation, who knew that Peter was following with derisive criticism.

How, by way of conciliation, Mr. Byles would carry sweets in his coat-tail pocket and offer them at unsuitable times to the leading anarchists, who regarded this imbecility as the last insult. It is now agreed that Mr. Byles' sudden resignation was largely due to an engineering feat of Peter's, who had many outrages

to avenge, and succeeded in attaching no less than three squibs to the good man's desk; but it is likely that an exhortation from Bulldog, overheard by the delighted school, had its due effect.

"Humanity or no humanity, my man, it's no peppermint drops nor pats on the head that'll rule Muirtown birkies; their fathers were brought up on the stick, and the stick'll make the sons men. If ye'll take ma advice, Mr. Byles, adverteese for a situation in a lassies' school. Ye're ower dainty for Muirtown Academy."

This was not a charge which his worst enemy could bring against Mr. Dugald MacKinnon, and because he was the very opposite—a most unflinching, resolute, iron man—he engraved himself on the hearts of three generations of Muirtown men. They were a dour, hard-headed, enterprising lot—a blend from the upland braes of Drumtochty, and the stiff carse of Gowrie, and the Kelts of Loch Tay, with some good South Country stuff—and there are not many big cities on either side of the Atlantic where two or three Muirtown men cannot this day be found.

They always carry in their hearts the "Fair City"—which lieth in a basin among the hills, beside the clean, swift-running river, like a Scots' Florence; and they grow almost eloquent when they start upon their home, but the terminus of recollection is ever the same. When they have dallied with the swimming in the Tay, and the climbing of the hill which looks down on the fair plain as far as Dundee, and the golf on the meadows, and the mighty snow-flights of days when there were men (that is, boys) in the land, and memory is fairly awake, some one suddenly says, "Bulldog."

"Ah!" cries another, with long-drawn pleasure, as one tasting a delicate liquor; and "Bulldog," repeats the third, as if a world of joy lay in the word. They rest for a minute, bracing themselves, and then conversation really begins, and, being excited, they drop into the Scots' tongue.

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"Man," hurries in the first, "a' see him stannin' at his desk in the mornin' watchin' the laddies comin' in ower the top o' his spectacles, an' juist considerin' wha wud be the better o' a bit thrashin' that day."

"Sax feet high gin he wes an inch," burst in the second, "an' as straight as a rush, though a'm thinkin' he wes seventy, or maybe eighty, some threipit (insisted) he was near ninety; an' the een o' him—div ye mind, lads, hoo they gied back an' forward in his head—oscillatin' like? Sall, they were fearsome!"

"An' the rush to get in afore the last stroke o' nine"—the third man could not be restrained—"an' the crack o' his cane on the desk an' 'Silence'; man, ye micht hae heard a moose cross the floor at the prayer."

"Div ye think he keekit oot atween his eyelids, Jock?"

"Him? Nae fear o't!" and Howieson was full of contempt. "Ane day I pit a peen into that smooth-faced wratch Dowbiggin, juist because I cudna bear the look o' him, an' if he didna squeal like a stuck pig. Did Bulldog open his een an' look?"

The audience had no remembrance of such a humiliating descent.

"Na, na," resumed Jock, "he didna need; he juist repeated the first sentence o' the prayer ower again in an awfu' voice, an' aifter it wes dune, doon he comes to me. 'Whatna prank wes that?'"

"Wes't nippy?" inquired Bauldie with relish, anticipating the sequel.

"Michty," replied Jock; "an' next he taks Dowbiggin. 'Who askit ye to join in the prayer?' an' ye cud hae heard his yowls on the street. Bulldog hed a fine stroke!" and the three smoked in silent admiration for a space.

"Sandie, div ye mind the sins in the prayer? 'Lord, deliver the laddies before Thee from lying——'"

"'Cheating,'" broke in Bauldie.

"'Cowardice,'" added Sandie.

"'And laziness, which are as the devil,'" completed Jock.

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"An' the laist petition, a' likit it fine, 'Be pleased to put common sense in their heads and Thy fear in their hearts, and——'"

"'Give them grace to be honest men all the days of their life,'" chanted the other two together.

"It wes a purpose-like prayer, an' a' never heard a better, lads; he walkit up to his words, did Bulldog, an' he did his wark well." And as they thought of that iron age, the railway president, and the big banker, and the corn millionaire, for that was what the fellows had come to, smacked their lips with relish and kindly regret.

It may be disappointing, but it remains a fact, that the human history of the ages is repeated in the individual, and the natural boy is a savage, with the aboriginal love of sport, hardy indifference to circumstances, stoical concealment of feelings, irrepressible passion for fighting, unfeigned admiration for strength, and slavish respect for the strong man.

By-and-by he will be civilized and Christianized, and settle down, will become considerate, merciful, peaceable—will be concerned about his own boys having wet feet, and will preside at meetings for the prevention of cruelty to animals; but he has to go through his process of barbarism.

During this Red Indian stage a philanthropist is not the ideal of the boy. His master must have the qualities of a brigand chief, an autocratic will, a fearless mien, and an iron hand. On the first symptom of mutiny he must draw a pistol from his belt (one of twenty), and shoot the audacious rebel dead on the spot. So perfectly did Bulldog fulfill this idea that Bauldie, who had an unholy turn for caricature, once drew him in the costume and arms of Chipanwhackewa, an Indian chief of prodigious valor and marvelous exploits.

This likeness was passed from hand to hand, to be arrested and confiscated by its subject in Jock Howieson's possession, and although Jock paid the penalty, as was most due, yet it was believed that Bulldog was much pleased by the tribute, and that he kept the picture in his desk.

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His achievements in his own field, which extended from the supervision of handwriting to instruction in mathematics, were sustained and marvelous. When a boy was committed to his care at or about the age of eight, before which age he attended a girls' school and fed his imagination on what was in store for him under Bulldog, the great man wrote at the head of his copybook, in full text and something better than copperplate, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son."

With this animating sentiment the neophyte made a fearful beginning, and his master assisted him to transcribe it for years to come through half text and small text, till he could accomplish it with such delicate up-strokes and massive down-strokes, such fine curves and calculated distances, that the writing could hardly be distinguished from the original,

—stannin' at his desk in the mornin' watchin' the laddies comin' in ower the top o' his spectacles, an' juist considerin' wha wud be the better o' a bit thrashin' that day

and might be exhibited to the Lord Provost and Bailies at the annual examination. It is said now that no school of any name in the land would condescend to teach writing, and that boys coming from such high places can compass their own signatures with difficulty, and are quite illegible after a gentlemanly fashion, but it was otherwise in one old grammar school.

So famous was the caligraphy produced at the Academy, that Muirtown bankers, lawyers and other great personages used to drop in of an afternoon, and, having snuffed with the master, would go over the copybooks and pick out suitable lads for their offices. And it is a solemn fact that one enterprising Muirtown clerk went up to London without a single introduction, and obtained a situation in the great firm of Brancker, Copleston, Goldbeater & Co. on the strength of a letter and sheet of figures he sent to old Fyler, the manager, whose reason was giving way under the scrawling of the junior clerks.

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Bulldog considered that his pupils' handwriting steadily deteriorated from the day of their departure. When they came to see him at school from Glasgow, London and beyond the sea, as they all did, on their visits to Muirtown, besides giving them an affectionate welcome, which began at the door and ended at the desk, he never failed to produce their letters and point the decadence in careful detail, while the school rejoiced greatly.

Any lad who showed some aptitude, or whose father insisted on the higher education, was allured into geometry and raised to the dignity of the blackboard, where he did his work in face of the school with fear and trembling. This was public life, and carried extremes of honor and disgrace.

When Willie Pirie appeared at the board—who is now a Cambridge don of such awful learning that his juniors, themselves distinguished persons, can only imagine where he is in pure mathematics—the school, by tacit permission, suspended operations to see the performance. As Willie progressed, throwing in an angle here and a circle there, and utilizing half the alphabet for signs, while he maintained the reasoning from point to point in his high, shrill voice, Bulldog stood a pace aside, a pointer in one hand and a cloth in the other with which at a time he would wipe his forehead till it was white with chalk, and his visage was glorious to behold. When the end came, Bulldog would seize the word out of Pirie's mouth and shout, "Q. E. D., Q——— E——— D. Splendid. Did ye follow that, laddies?" taking snuff profusely, with the cloth under one arm and the pointer under the other. "William Pirie, ye'll be a wrangler if ye hae grace o' continuance. Splendid!"

It was otherwise when Jock Howieson tried to indicate the nature of an isosceles triangle and confused it with a square, supporting his artistic efforts with remarks which reduced all the axioms of Euclid to one general ruin.

For a while the master explained and corrected, then he took refuge in an ominous silence, after which, at each new development, he played on Jock with the pointer, till Jock, seeing him make for the cane, modestly withdrew, but did not reach his place of retreat without assistance and much plain truth.

"It's a shame to take any fee from your father, Jock Howieson, and it's little use trying to give ye any education. Ye've the thickest head and the least sense in all the school. Man, they should take ye home and set ye on eggs to bring out chickens; ye micht manage that wi' care. The first three propositions, Jock, before ye leave this room, without a slip, or *ma certes!*" and Jock understood that if he misused his time his instructor would make good use of his.

It was Bulldog's way to promenade the empty schoolroom for ten minutes before the reassembling at two, and it was rare indeed that a boy should be late. When one afternoon there were only nineteen present and forty-three absent, he could only look at Dowbiggin, and when that exemplary youth explained that the school had gone up to the top of the meadows for a bathe, and suggested they were still enjoying themselves, Bulldog was much lifted.

"Bathing is a healthy exercise and excellent for the mind, but it's necessary to bring a glow to the skin afterward, or there might be a chill," and he searched out and felt a superior cane kept for the treatment of truants and other grievous offenders.

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It was exactly 2:15 when the door opened and the procession of forty-two entered, panting and breathless, headed by Dunc Robertson, who carried his head erect, with a light in his eye, and closed by Peter, whose hair was like unto that of a drowned rat, and whose unconcealed desire was for obscurity. The nineteen could only smack their lips with expectation and indicate by signs the treat awaiting their comrades.

"I've had chairge of the departments of writing, arithmetic and mathematics in the Muirtown Academy," began Bulldog, "for fifty-fower years laist Martinmas, and near twal hundred laddies hae passed through ma hands. Some o' them were gude and some were bad"—Mr. MacKinnon spoke with a judicial calmness that was awful—"some were your grandfathers, some were your fathers; but such a set of impudent, brazen-faced little scoundrels——" Then his composure failed him as he looked at the benches. "What have ye got to say for yourselves, for it will be three weeks afore I'm over ye all?"

For a while no one moved, and then Dunc Robertson rose in his place and made speech for his fellows like a gentleman's son.

"We are sorry for being late, sir, but it was not our blame; we had been bathing in the golfers' pool, and were dressing to run down to school in good time. Little Nestie—I mean Ernest Molyneux, sir—had stayed in a little longer, and some one cried, 'Nestie's drowning,' and there the little chap was being carried away by the current."

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"Is 'Nestie'—drowned?" and they all noticed the break in Bulldog's voice, and remembered that if he showed indulgence to any one it was to the little English lad that had appeared in Muirtown life as one out of due place.

"No, sir, Nestie's safe, and some women have taken him home; but he was very nearly gone," and Dunc was plainly shaken. "He's a good wee man, and—and it would have been terrible to see him die before our eyes."

"Who savit Nestie?" Bulldog's face was white, and Jock swore afterward the tears were in his eyes.

"It was one of the boys, sir"—Robertson's voice was very proud—"and it was a gallant deed; but I can't give his name, because he made me promise not to tell."

The master looked around the school, and there was a flush on his cheek.

"John Howieson," with a voice that knew no refusal, and Jock stood in his place. "Give me the laddie's name who savit wee Nestie."

"It was Spiug, sir, an'—it wes michty; but a' wudna hae telt hed ye no askit, an'—it's no my blame," and Jock cast a deprecatory glance where Peter was striving to hide himself behind a slate.

"Peter MacGuffie, come out this moment," and Peter, who had obeyed this order in other circumstances with an immovable countenance, now presented the face of one who had broken a till.

"Tell the story, Duncan Robertson, every word of it, that each boy in this room may remember it as long as he lives."

"We had nearly all dressed, and some of us had started for school . . . . and when I got back MacGuffie had jumped and was out in the current waiting for Nestie to come up. . . . . We saw his face at last, white on the water, and shouted to Peter, and . . . . he had him in a minute, and . . . . made for shore; big swimming, sir; not one of us could have done it except himself. A salmon-fisher showed us how to rub Nestie till he came round, and . . . . he smiled to us, and said, 'I'm all right; sorry to trouble you chaps.' Then we ran down as hard as we could lick, and . . . . that's all, sir."

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"Ye're a leear, Duncan Robertson," suddenly broke out Spiug, goaded beyond endurance; "ye helpit oot Nestie yirself, an' ye're . . . . as muckle tae blame as me."

"All I did, sir"—and Robertson's face was burning red—"was to meet Peter and take Nestie off his hands quite near the bank; he had the danger; I . . . . did nothing—was too late, in fact, to be of use."

Spiug might have contested this barefaced attempt at exculpation, but Bulldog was himself again and gripped the reins of authority.

"Silence!" and his emotion found vent in thunder; "no arguing in my presence. Ye're an impudent fellow, Peter MacGuffie, and have been all your days the most troublesome, mischievous, upsetting laddie in Muirtown School,"

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of four stories under the general title, A Scots Grammar School, which Ian Maclaren has written for The Saturday Evening Post. The first, "Spiug," appeared in the issue of June 3. In early numbers will follow Nestie, and A Famous Victory. Each of these stories is complete in itself.

and the culprit's whole mien was that of a dog with a bad conscience.

"Ye've focht with your fists, and ye've focht with snowballs; ye've played truant times without number; and as for your tricks in school, they're beyond knowledge. And now ye must needs put the capper on the concern wi' this business!

"There's no use denying it, Peter, for the evidence is plain"—and now Bulldog began to speak with great deliberation. "You saw a little boy out of his depth and likely to be drowned." (Peter dared not lift his head this time; it was going to be a bad case.)

"Ye might have given the alarm and got the salmon-fishers, but, instead of acting like any quiet, decent, well-brought-up laddie, and walking down to the school in time for the geometry" (the school believed that the master's eye rested on William Dowbiggin)," ye jumped, clothes and all, into the Tay." (There was evidently no extenuating feature, and Peter's expression was hopeless.)

"Nor was that all. But the wicked speerit that's in ye, Peter MacGuffie, made ye swim out where the river was running strongest and an able-bodied man wouldna care to go. And what for did ye forgit yirsel' and risk your life?" But for the first time there was no bravery left in Peter to answer; his wickedness was beyond excuse, as he now felt.

"Just to save a puir orphan laddie frae a watery death. And ye did it, Peter; and it . . . . beats a'thing ye've dune since ye came into Muirtown Academy! As for you, Duncan Robertson, ye may say what ye like, but it's my opinion that ye're no one grain better. Peter got in first, for he's a perfect genius for mischief—he's aye on the spot—but ye were after him as soon as ye could—ye're art and part, baith o' ye, in the exploit." It was clear now that Dunc was in the same condemnation and would share the same reward; whereat Peter's heart was lifted, for Robertson's treachery cried to Heaven for judgment.

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"Boys of Muirtown, do ye see those tablets?" and Bulldog pointed to the lists in gold of the former pupils who had distinguished themselves over the world—prizemen, soldiers, travelers, writers, preachers, lawyers, doctors. "It's a grand roll, and an honor to have a place in it, and there are two new names to be added.

"Laddies"—and Bulldog came down from his desk and stood opposite the culprits, whose one wish was that the floor might open beneath them and swallow them up—"ye are the sons of men, and I knew ye had the beginnings of men in ye. I am proud . . . . to shake hands with ye, and to be . . . . your master. Be off this instant, run like mad to your homes and change your clothes, and be back inside half an hour, or it will be the worse for ye! And, look ye here, I would like to know . . . . how Nestie is."

His walk through the room was always full of majesty, but on that day it passed imagination, and from time to time he could be heard in a soliloquy, "A pair of young rascals! Men of their hands, though, men of their hands! Their fathers' sons! Well done, Peter!" To which the benches listened with awe, for never had they known Bulldog after this fashion.

When the school assembled next Monday morning the boys read in fresh, shining letters—

"PETER MACGUFFIE and DUNCAN R. S. ROBERTSON, who at the risk of their own lives saved a schoolfellow from drowning."

It stood before the school, so that all could see; but if any one dared to make a sign in that direction as he passed Spiug's desk his life was not worth living for seven days, and it was felt that Spiug never completely recovered from the moral disgrace of that day.

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THE OLD FRONT GATE

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

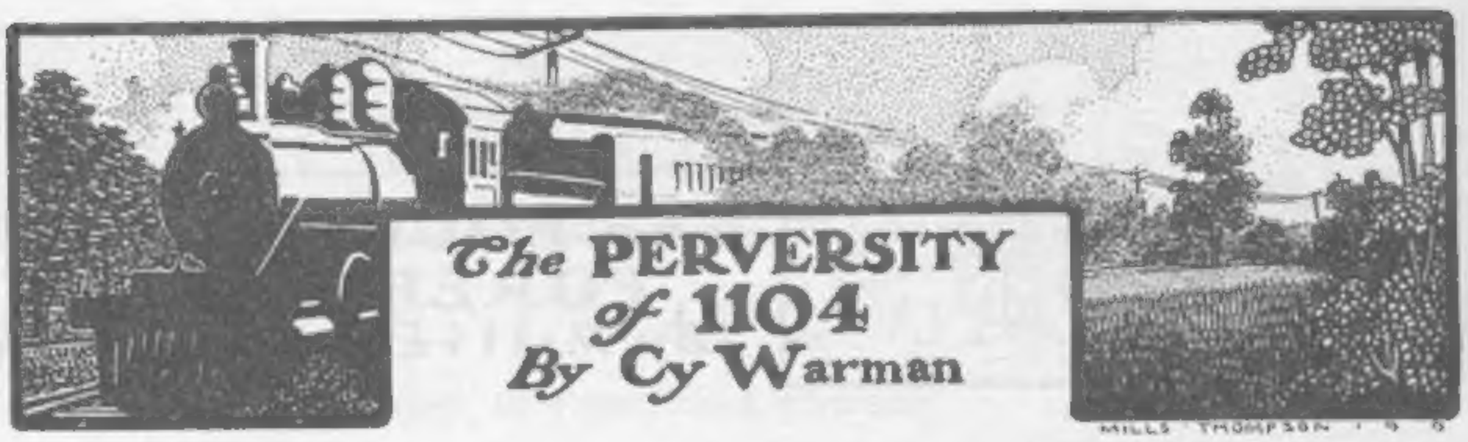
W'EN dalh's chillun in de house,
Dey kin keep on gittin' tall;
But de folks don' seem to see
Dat dey's growin' up at all,
Twell dey fin' out some fine day
Dat de gals has 'menced to grow,
W'en dey notice ez dey pass
Dat de front gate's saggin' low.

W'en de hinges creak an' cry,
An' de bahs go slantin' down,
You kin reckon dat hit's time
Fu' to cas' yo' eye eroun',
'Cause dalh ain' no 'sputin' dis,
Hit's de trues' sign to show
Dat dalh's cou'tin' goin' on
W'en de ol' front gate sags low.

Oh, you grumble an' complain,
An' you prop dat gate up right;
But you notice right nex' day
Dat hit's in de same ol' plight.
So you fin' dat hit's a rule,
An' dalh ain' no use to blow,
W'en de gals is growin' up,
Dat de front gate will sag low.

Den yo' t'ink o' yo' young days,
W'en you cou'ted Sally Jane,
An' you so't o' feel ashamed
Fu' to grumble an' complain,
'Cause yo' ricerlection says,
An' you know hits wo'ds is so,
Dat huh pappy had a time
Wid his front gate saggin' low.

So you jes' looks on an' smiles
At 'em leanin' on de gate,
Try'n' to t'ink whut he kin say
Fu' to keep him dalh so late.
But you lets dat gate erlone,
Fu' yo' 'sperunce goes to show
Twell de gals is ma'ied off
It gwine keep on saggin' low.



The PERVERSITY of 1104

By Cy Warman

ELEVEN-HUNDRED-AND-FOUR was a freight locomotive, a little bigger, but no better, than other engines of her class. Mosley, who managed her, was like her. He was just a fair, average engineer, and that was all. And yet, when another man went out on the 'Leven-Four she would lay down on him eight times out of ten.

And so it fell out that while she did her work willingly and well with Mosley aboard, she gained a bad name. The conductor, coming out with the orders, always glanced up into the cab, and if Mosley were there he would smile—otherwise he would frown. And if Mosley came out with another engine the conductor would be just as unhappy. Mosley and the 'Leven-Four went together, or they didn't go.

One night an extra man went out, or, rather, started out, with the 'Leven-Four. At the very last switch leaving the yards she broke the switch-bridle, climbed the rail, turned over on her back, jammed her whistle into the sand, and sobbed her life away.

Twenty-four hours later, when she stood upon her feet again, they pushed her into the back shops to be overhauled and painted, and in that way Mosley got another ten days, waiting for her.

Locomotive enginemen are notoriously superstitious. To be sure, there are exceptions. I was one of them.

The fireman of a pusher notices that when the head engines slip the pusher will almost invariably fly up. The head engines slip because they have found a sharp curve, but that would not cause the pusher, lying back on a tangent, to slip. But she will slip, and you will see the driver open the sand-valves the moment he hears the head engine going, or sees the fire shooting up in a solid stream, or feels the weight of the train suddenly against his pilot-bar.

Many good and plausible reasons for this responsive or answering slip might be put forward, but to the mind of the average engineer it is a sympathy strike, pure and simple—one engine feeling for another. Why, I have known men who would argue that a locomotive would not only sympathize with a sister engine, but would actually grieve for a dead engineer. Hearing and seeing these things for years, the newly promoted engine-driver carries with him, consciously or unconsciously, a certain amount of superstition.

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One day when I was a hostler the Master Mechanic sent for me. I went into the office, and came out an engineer. To be sure, I expected promotion some day, but not that day, though I knew that somebody would be promoted to take Mosley's place; for Mosley was dead. The Master Mechanic had run me around others, but not one complained.

Old runners had shied at the 'Leven-Four when Mosley was alive. Who would want her now? She was counted "unlucky" then—she would be extra hazardous now.

Of course it did not follow necessarily that she would fail to me, but she did, and the first night out I seemed to feel the arm-rest still warm where late the luckless engineer had leaned, watching the glistening rail rush beneath his pilot.

Noah, the old fireman, had refused at first to go out with me, but there was no one to take his place and he was forced to go. To this day I see that fireman's sad, bony face.

He seemed at first to resent my presence on the right-hand side, and I began to resent the resentment. The head brakeman asked him, in the language of the caboose, "what was eatin' him." Noah said nothing and sighed again.

As I went about oiling the engine I heard the fireman telling the brakeman how she had behaved when Mosley laid off and an extra man had gone out on the 'Leven-Four.

"If she'd do that *then*, what'll she do to 'em now: what'll she do to this chippy runner?" The brakeman shook his head.

At last, after much firing, the fireman succeeded in getting the engine (and the engineer) hot, and away we went—three engines and fifteen loads for the foothills.

In the valley the 'Leven-Four did fairly well, but the moment we hit the heavy grade—two hundred and seventeen feet to the mile—she began to cut up. The pointer on the steam-gage began to go back and back. I shut off the injector to allow her to "pick up," and when the water was as low as I could afford to let it go I tried to put on the pump again, but it refused to work.

We tried the left-hand lift. It would start off all right, singing like a locust, and then break and shoot the water into the ditch. In the meantime I got the right-hand injectors going again, but when I tried the water the blue steam hissed from the gage-cocks hot and dry as a croupy cough. I began to ease up to save her crownsheet, and the old runners, who were helping me up the hill, began to whistle me ahead. Ah, that is gall to a young runner.

At last we had her hot once more, and now she began to slip and foam and blow off steam. Being anxious to do my share of the work, I hammered her unmercifully, but the harder I hit her the hotter she grew. Noah would shoot a reproachful glance at me every time she lost her feet, though he knew that she was doing it—that she was only resenting the abuse that I was heaping upon her.

In my anxiety to get out on time, I had forgotten my engine cap, and was now wearing a little chip of a derby, which is awkward and out of place on an engine.

*

While dodging in and out of the cab, wrestling with the sand-lever and the injector, I struck the point of my derby against the cab window and it shot down the mountain, leaving me bareheaded. I signed to Noah; he shook his head—he had no extra cap. I went into the clothes-box and found a little jaunty brown cap that I had seen Mosley wear, and that nobody but Mosley would think of wearing. As I put it on Noah raised his hand with a look of horror.

Presently the 'Leven-Four began to die on us. Noah worked frantically, but to no purpose. He would cock his grates, miss the furnace door, and scatter coal all over his deck.

Finally, I signaled him up into the cab to work the sand-lever and went at the fire myself. But it was of no use. The coal lay black and dead in the firebox, not a spark came from the stack, and McIvor declared afterward that he could not hear her exhaust, and he was coupled to my pilot-bar.

Mosley had been a dudish driver, and just over the furnace door he had a bevel-edged mirror fastened.

Suddenly I straightened up, glanced into the mirror and saw Mosley as plain as I had ever seen him, wearing the little brown cap that he had worn on his last trip.

Well, it gave me a start, though I am not at all superstitious. In a moment I remembered that I was wearing the cap that had been worn by the dead driver, and remarked for the first time that we had looked alike, had the same hair, the same small, brown mustache, nearly the same eyes. The furnace heat had given me, for the moment, the same ruddy glow that had been his. In short, we were identical, save that he had been handsome and I was not.

*

I was uncomfortable. Climbing up to my place again, I said to Noah that the cap was too small for me, and exchanged with him without asking his consent.

I watched Noah. The first time he caught sight of himself in the mirror he put up his hands again, took off the cap, folded it carefully, put it into his clothes-box, and tied a big red-and-white handkerchief about his head.

By this time my two helpers had hauled me to the top of the hill, where I held the 'Leven-Four wide open for ten minutes to save her crownsheet; for there was scarcely enough water in the lower gage to wet a postage stamp.

In a little while we were going down the mountain, slowly, the heavy cars creaking on the twisting, curving trail, and that, and the low breathing of the air-pump, was all we could hear. Presently the big black engine began to rise and fall. At first it seemed that she would climb the rail and then fall back into the groove again. Now she was heaving great, deep sighs. Noah noticed it and glanced over at me. The whole huge bulk of machinery would lift and fall, sobbing like a troubled sea.

"What's the matter with her now?" I asked. "Did you ever see her do that before?"

"Not exactly that," said Noah. "I've seen her cut a good many capers, but nothing like this."

"Well," he added after a pause, "if she'll tote me in this time I promise never to bother her again," and I saw the fireman cross himself.

"They don't have no mercy on a locomotive," Noah went on, staring through the narrow window in front of him. "Engine ain't had time to grieve."

Well, now that he had mentioned it, I could see that the great engine was sobbing silently through the night, heaving and falling like a troubled breast, though, as I remarked before, I was never the least bit superstitious.

As we lay on the siding at Shawana waiting for No. 10 I took the torch to look her over. I noticed a bright band around the centre of the axle of the pony truck. The front end of the forward equalizer had dropped so that it rested on the axle when she had her nose down hill, and the axle, revolving, would draw the equalizer forward and lift it up, lifting the engine until it could go no farther. Then with a sudden drop the machinery would fall back in place again.

I called Noah and tried to explain to him that this might be the cause of her sighs, but he only smiled sadly and said he knew the 'Leven-Four. She was mourning for Mosley. "She'll be as bad as the Hundred-an'-Seven if she keeps this up," he went on; "only she'll never kill anybody."

*

I wrote a page about her in the work book at the other end of the run, and gave the one machinist in the roundhouse a busy day, but she was as bad going back the following night.

We were pushing that night, and when we had almost reached the summit of the Rockies she began to slip. The two head engines pulled the train away from me, until I could feel them tugging at my pilot-bar. Suddenly I saw a great glare in the snowshed. It was the second section coming for my tail lamps—three powerful locomotives, all wide open.

Having the benefit of the rail that I had been sanding all along, they were walking into us with the speed and weight of an ocean liner going up against a floating iceberg.

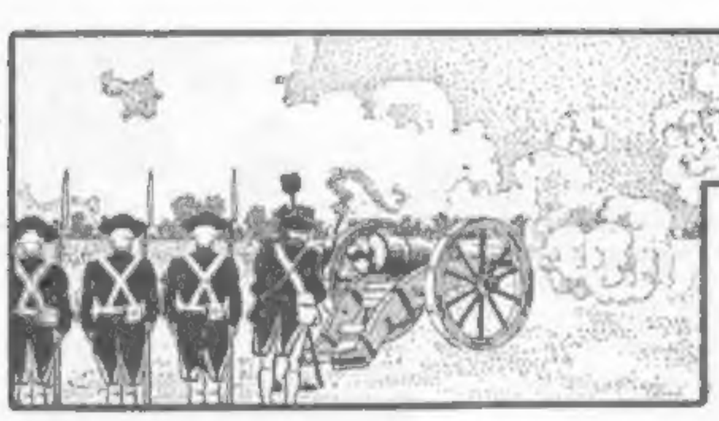
I dared not whistle them down, for the engines at the front of my train might hear and shut off, and so increase the danger to the 'Leven-Four, about to be crushed as an egg.

I shouted to Noah to come out of the tank, and then the crash came. Nobody was hurt. The 'Leven-Four never did hurt any one, but she went into the shops. I got changed to another run and Noah to another engine. By and by she came out again, but she never did any good—she only made trouble for others; and finally, after rebuilding her and changing everything but her number, they put her on a gravel train away up on the side of the mountain, and that was the last of the 'Leven-Four.

Nearly every railroad man in the mountains, and many of my readers, know about the Hundred-and-Seven. She was mate to the Hundred-and-Nine, born on Friday, her sister on Saturday; and the Baldwins, of Philadelphia, who built her, declare that the two engines were identical, piece for piece, from the point of their pilots to the tip of their tanks. But their "souls" were as different as were the souls of Jekyll and Hyde.

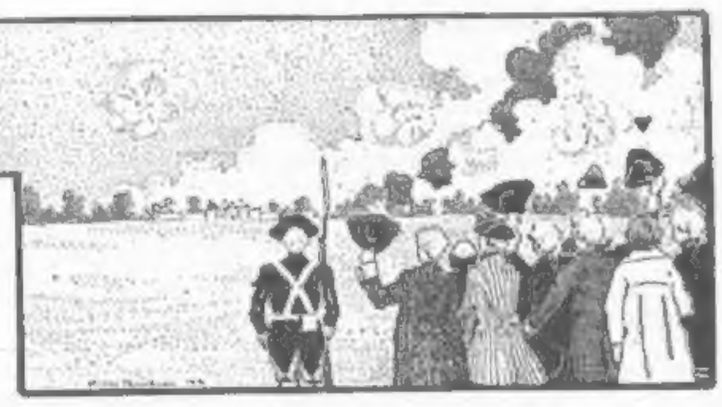
The Hundred-and-Nine was virtuous, honest and true. Her sister was faithless, wanton, vain, whimsical and utterly conscienceless. She killed more men than any engine that ever climbed the Rockies. Finally, when she made her last wild leap—all gaudy in new paint—into the Gunnison River, this same Noah was underneath her, and that was the last of the Hundred-and-Seven, and the last of Noah.

Editor's Note—Every old engineer knows that there is a human quality in the machine. This sketch, The Perversity of 1104, is taken from the author's experience as an engineer.



The "FOURTH" of OUR FOREFATHERS

By William Perrine



IT WAS of the second day of July, 1776, that John Adams wrote when he informed his wife that "Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America, and a greater question never was nor will be decided among men." Of the same day he said—and no other words that fell from John Adams' pen have been more remembered by his countrymen—"I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great Anniversary Festival. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other."

It was on that day, the second of July, that the resolution of Independence was passed; it was on the Fourth of July that the declaration of the reasons for passing the resolution was adopted, and while the first event was the vital act of independence, it is the day when the comparatively lesser one was performed that the American people set aside for the "Anniversary Festival" which Adams in his joy called upon them to commemorate forevermore.

It was a year later when, the Continental Congress having determined to adjourn over the Fourth of July and to dine together, that the first ceremonial for Independence Day was observed. The Congress then sat in Philadelphia. Only a day or two had been given for preparation. There was a naval parade on the Delaware River; the wharves were filled with shouting crowds; there was a parade of some Continental soldiers who happened to be in the city, and the members of Congress drank toasts amid the volleys of Continental guns and the music of a captured Hessian band. In the evening John Adams walked about the streets, and was surprised at "the most splendid illumination" he had ever seen, the "universal joy," the ringing of bells and the display of fireworks. "Had General Howe been here in disguise," said the honest patriot in his exuberance, "or his master, this show would have given them the heartache." From that time on the day was regularly celebrated by all good Whigs long before the Revolution came to a close.

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THE FIRST GREAT FOURTH OF JULY

But the first great Fourth of July came twelve years after the adoption of the Declaration, and surpassed all patriotic celebrations which the country up to that time had known. The States had nearly all ratified the new Federal Constitution, and it was resolved that in the capital of the young nation there should be the jubilee of peace and unity.

The glories of that day were long remembered. The roar of guns, the merry chimes in the steeples, the martial music, the joyous feasts, and, above all, the grand procession, in which the most distinguished gentlemen of the day, as statesmen, lawyers, doctors and clergy, marched with carpenters and butchers and farmers and blacksmiths, proclaimed the advent of the Republic, or, as it was then the habit to say, "the rising sun of a new nation." The fame of this procession, with all the trades and industries of the day in line—shipbuilders, printers, gunsmiths, bricklayers, rope-makers, saddlers, and many other mechanics, working on wheeled platforms—was carried to every part of the country in vivid narratives of the industrial power and genius which had been revealed.

From sunrise until nightfall the whole population was astir. An oration was delivered from the "Federal Edifice" by James Wilson, a signer of the Declaration, and then there was a dinner for the public men, at which it was patriotically declared that no spirits nor wines would be introduced, and that the toasts should be only in "American porter, beer and cider." And with what hearty fervor were the ten toasts proclaimed, each one preceded with the flourish of a trumpet and followed by the banging of cannon:

"1. The people of the United States.
"2. Honor and immortality to the members of the late Federal Convention.
"3. General Washington.
"4. The King of France.
"5. The United Netherlands.
"6. The foreign Powers in alliance with the United States.
"7. The agriculture, manufactures and commerce of the United States.
"8. The heroes who have fallen in defense of our liberties.
"9. May reason and not the sword hereafter decide all national disputes.
"10. The whole family of mankind."

♦

FEDERALISTS DENOUNCED INDEPENDENCE DAY

Yet long after the Revolution, and even after the establishment of the Constitution, there were Americans who regarded the Fourth of July with indifference, or deprecated it as an exasperation to the English. A quarter of a century had elapsed when Joseph Dennie, the foremost of the Federalist men of letters, and head of the celebrated Portfolio when it was the organ of polite literature in the United States, denounced the reading of the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July as "unwise and demagogic" because it inflamed the minds of "the ignorant and brutal mob against a nation with which we are united by a similarity of language, laws, religion, customs and habits, and with which we reciprocate a large and lucrative commerce."

On the first Fourth of July after Jefferson had become President of the United States Dennie did not hesitate to write: "To-day Mr. Jefferson's July paper is read by a few willing to gull the miserable populace. The farce of Republicanism is acted with much Bartholomew-Fair drollery. Independence is very noisy in the morning, nonsensical orations are pronounced at noon, and patriotism is exceedingly drunk at night."

Among extreme Federalists this aversion to Fourth of July celebrations was largely due to the fact that the day had been made during several years almost as much of a French as an American day. Thus the sympathizers with the French Revolution were wont to worship "Liberty caps," to sing the "Marseillaise," to dance the "Carmagnole," to burn British flags, and to wear the French cockade. There is a tradition how, on one occasion, at a dinner attended by Genet, the French Minister to this country, and by Americans as eminent as General Thomas Mifflin, the head of a pig was cut from its body. It was intended to represent the head which the guillotine, in the Reign of Terror, had severed from the person of Louis XVI.

AN AMERICAN CHIEF JUSTICE BURNED IN EFFIGY

Nor were Americans spared in these demonstrations of political wrath. On the Fourth of July which followed the publication of John Jay's treaty with Great Britain, the anti-British excitement in New York and Philadelphia broke out in highly sensational acts. It was said that the militia in those cities paraded on that day as if they were marching to a funeral. All over the country the name of John Jay was publicly cursed at dinners and meetings, and the Washington Administration denounced for friendliness to England.

On Fourth of July night a figure representing Jay was carried by a crowd in procession in front of Washington's house. Suspended from the right hand was a balance, with "American Liberty" on one scale kicking the beam while "British gold" weighed the other down almost to the ground. In the other hand was a copy of the "accursed treaty," while from the mouth protruded a scroll on which were inscribed the words:

"Come up to my price and I'll sell you my country."

Amid solemn objurgations the figure of the statesman who had recently been Chief Justice of the United States was paraded through street after street until finally it was committed to the flames and blown up with gunpowder as a

warning to all who dared to unite the two countries in amity. Indeed, one of the favorite Fourth of July toasts of the anti-Federalists was:

"May the link which unites Americans and Frenchmen never be cut asunder by the aquafortis of British intrigue."

THE OLD-FASHIONED READING OF THE DECLARATION

The reading of the Declaration of Independence with the most tremendous elocution of the loudest-voiced citizen available for the duty was long conspicuous in the exercises of the day. During the fifty years which followed the time when John Nixon had read the Declaration to the people within the shadow of the doors of the Continental Congress, this custom was seldom foregone in any Fourth of July celebration. Indeed, no feature of the day gave more lively satisfaction to most Americans than the heroic style in which the readers would recite the reasons for independence.

The oratory was fiery with the hatred of tyrants, but varied greatly, or according to the politics of the participants in each celebration. Thus the Society of the Cincinnati, the Tammany societies, and the Washington benevolent associations were usually foremost in the exercises, and the speeches were often intensely violent in their party spirit. In the songs, Saint Tammany, the ancient Indian chief, was a favorite example, not only in New York, but in the Middle States generally, of what should constitute the manhood of a State generally, of what should constitute the manhood of a true lover of freedom. Around many a Fourth of July table, to the tune of "The hounds are all out," sonorous voices would sing of his exploits, and how,

"In freedom's bright cause Tamm'ny plead with applause
And reason'd most justly from Nature—
For this was his song, all, all the day long:
'Liberty's the right of each creature, brave boys.'"

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THE SPORTS, THE FROLICS AND THE MILITIA

Patriotic songs and ballads and recitations were almost innumerable, and every man at the table was usually ready, when called upon, to give the company "Washington and War," or "Adams and Liberty," or "The Goddess of Liberty," or an "Ode to Independence," or "Yankee Doodle in Camp," or "American Taxation." Many years after independence had been won no recital at a Fourth of July dinner would stir the hearts of the valiant more than when some patriot would give them the long ballad beginning:

"While I relate my story, Americans give ear;
Of Britain's fading glory you presently shall hear;
I'll give you a true relation—attend to what I say—
Concerning the taxation of North America."

The Fourth of July was early a holiday for sports and amusements. A balloon ascension on the Fourth of July was one of the novelties a hundred years ago; summer gardens were frequently opened on that day, and a Fourth of July afternoon performance at the old Bowery Theatre in New York, in 1827, has sometimes been referred to as the first regular theatrical matinée in the United States.

In the cities, like Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore—very few, even among the rich, being then in the habit of "going out of town" before August—it began on the third of July, or the eve of Independence Day, with the erection of booths, tents or stands on the commons or near the public buildings, and the firing of cannon. Roast pig, egg-nog, cider and spruce beer were temptingly displayed the next morning in the booths, and peanuts and oranges and fireworks on the streets. The veterans of the Revolution were, of course, the heroes of the day. At public dinners and in parades they had the place of honor.

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Indeed, Washington himself had often taken part in the celebration of the day. On one occasion the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and one of the last public acts of his life was to dine at the tavern in Alexandria and to review the militia on Independence Day. In every town the "turn-out" of the militia was an essential part of the festivities. The War of 1812 imparted to the day a fresh spirit of military glory, and all the "Ancient and Honorable" companies, and "Blues" and "Grays" and "Greens," and "Washington Guards," and the "Jackson Rifles," and the "Independent Volunteers" and the "Lafayette Troops" throughout the country were certain, no matter how hot the day, to make their appearance with pomp and circumstance.

After receiving the homage of their fellow-citizens and the smiles of their sweethearts, they would attend a barbecue or a clam dinner or a target-shooting, and drink deeply to the glorious memories of '76.

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WHEN THE LIBERTY BELL WAS MUFFLED

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Independence was attended by one of the most curious coincidences in our history. From Maine to Georgia, and as far as the Mississippi, there were orations and banquets and parades. The outburst of rejoicing came not simply from the rounding of a half-century, but also from the prosperous and happy conditions throughout the land.

With the exception of Charles Carroll, there were no other survivors of the signers of the Declaration of Independence except the two men who had been foremost in the great work—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Each had later been the chief of a rival party; each had been President of the United States; each had long before retired to private life, the one in Massachusetts and the other in Virginia; and each had become a venerated sage in the eyes of his countrymen. Yet both these patriots died on the anniversary of the day which more than any other linked them with the foundation of the Republic.

The news traveled day by day from the North to the South that Adams was dead, and from the South to the North that Jefferson was dead. Hardly had the surprise over the coincidence of the death of one of these great citizens, on the Fourth of July, abated, than the shock of amazement followed over the extraordinary circumstance that the other had passed away. Everywhere were displayed the insignia of mourning in the place of the standards of rejoicing. Seldom has there been such a dramatic contrast between national joy and national sorrow.

The Liberty Bell was muffled and tolled; public funerals were held in the chief cities, and Daniel Webster, in one of the noblest of his orations, told how the great epic of their lives had closed with a felicity of time which poetry itself could hardly have suggested, and which their countrymen, even if they had the power, could not have wished to reverse in such a dispensation of Providence.

Five years later James Monroe, too, passed away on the Fourth of July, and many a good American was profoundly impressed by what seemed to him the Divine ordering of events.

CELEBRATING THE HUNDREDTH FOURTH IN ENGLAND

Such was the genesis of the greatest of purely American holidays. In later years much of the old-fashioned, hearty, robust spirit of patriotic joy passed out of it with the change in the summer customs of our great cities. But in the midst of the Civil War, when the news of Gettysburg and Vicksburg came almost simultaneously with the Fourth of July, there was again something of a thought among many of the guidance of a special Providence.

The Centennial of Independence Day, with its noble exhibition, revived the precious memories of national unity. More than this, it saw even England participating in the commemoration of the great event and falsifying the prediction of Charles Sumner that the mother country could not be persuaded to share in the hundredth anniversary of the loss of her Colonies. That little English building, still standing on the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia, will long be one of the most peculiar of international relics. Old John Adams could never have dreamed of that when he rejoiced at the "heartache" of George III over the first "Fourth of July."

COLLEGE or UNIVERSITY?

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE GREAT UNIVERSITY

By FRANCIS L. PATTON, President of Princeton University

I AM asked to speak through the columns of this paper to young men about to go to college on the advantages and disadvantages connected with the larger universities. It is assumed that those for whom I write are looking forward to the four years of undergraduate study leading to the Bachelor's degree. If any one is contemplating a course of graduate study, or is working for a professional degree, he will naturally go to one of the universities or professional schools which offer the facilities he needs, and he will not have to weigh the relative advantages offered respectively by the college and the university.

It is not necessary to discuss here the meaning of the word university, or to say wherein it differs from a college. For whatever difference between these two institutions may be based on the presence or absence of professional schools, or upon provision or lack of provision for graduate work, it is safe to say that, so far as undergraduate work is concerned, there is little to distinguish them beyond the fact that the institutions called universities are commonly more richly endowed, and consequently are able to maintain a larger staff of professors and to offer a more comprehensive and more highly specialized curriculum.

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EDUCATION OUTSIDE THE LECTURE ROOM

It is obvious that with this understanding of the difference between these two types of educational institutions the university possesses advantages which the college does not enjoy. But it does not follow from this that in choosing his alma mater a young man should decide in favor of the larger institution.

Other things besides the relative size of the institutions that come under his notice must enter into the judgment that he forms. He may find it necessary for economical reasons to go to the college which is near his home; or his family affiliations with a particular seat of learning may lead him to decide in its favor. The kind of education that he desires to obtain may also be a factor in his decision. He may prefer to spend the four undergraduate years in general and disciplinary study; and the opportunity for doing advanced and specialized work may not appeal to him. But whether the institution from which a young man is to graduate is called a college or a university; whether its curriculum is all prescribed or mainly elective—is really a very subsidiary matter compared with other questions which should be asked. The information that a student gets in the lecture-room is, after all, but a part of his education.

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SURROUNDINGS A FIRST CONSIDERATION

During his undergraduate days he will probably form his strongest friendships, and come under the influence that will permanently affect his manners and his morals, his faith and his character. A father may well feel that his son's refined demeanor would be a poor offset to his loss of religious faith, and that great attainments would not atone for bad habits. A young man would do well to consider the moral as well as the intellectual influences that surround a college or university. His undergraduate life will certainly not be a conspicuous success if he fails to acquire as the result of it that discipline of his powers and that degree of knowledge necessary for independent inquiry. But it will certainly be a conspicuous failure if he does not learn to scorn everything that is base and mean: if he does not come into possession of high ideals of conduct, and, above all, if he ceases to maintain a reverent attitude toward the spiritual side of life.

The first thing to be considered in regard to an institution of learning, whatever be its size and wheresoever it be situated, is, What is the moral tone of the place, and what efforts are made there to keep the students under the best influences? A young man will also very naturally seek a college or university that has a somewhat cosmopolitan character, that offers him a wide range in the choice of friendships; where what may be local or provincial in his manner and life will be corrected and made to conform to a more generally accepted standard, and where he will be in daily contact with high academic ideals.

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THE GREAT WORK OF SMALL COLLEGES

Those for whom I write have perhaps not yet considered whether the education they seek is general or special: whether their aim is to secure the best training of their faculties or to acquire the largest and most varied amount of information. The typical American college was planned with special reference to the training of the mind, and it did its work well. Its curriculum consisted in the main of a prescribed course in Latin, Greek, mathematics, natural philosophy, moral philosophy, logic and metaphysics. There are scores of colleges all over our land which are doing this work to-day and are thereby rendering an inestimable service. The friends of the larger institutions of learning cannot afford to depreciate the work which the colleges are doing. For it must be remembered that these large institutions were once small colleges, and that some of the brightest names on their lists of graduates belong to the early period of their history. We must not despise the day of small things. If, therefore, a student is bent on acquiring knowledge, let him be assured that he will have no lack of opportunity in the small college. One does not need access to a large library in order to secure a good training in Latin and Greek. Meagre as the college library may be, it in all probability will give him opportunity for pretty wide reading in philosophy or history if these happen to be the studies that interest him. One may at least be trained to think, may have his mind disciplined, may get an insight into some of the great problems of the cosmos, and some of the great questions in philosophy, and may come into close and familiar relationship with some of the masterpieces of literature, even though the institution he attends be not blessed with large endowments and cannot boast of having a long list of learned specialists in its faculty. To suggest that the education one gets in a small institution of learning is necessarily inferior to that obtained in the larger one would be a mistake exceeded only by the error of those who, in their zeal for the college, are led to say or suggest that a young man misses a great educational advantage by going to the university.

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It is a great blessing that through the agency of small colleges scattered over the land education has been brought to the doors of multitudes who otherwise would not have had the benefit of any education at all. They have not been planted always with wisest regard to geographical needs, and they do not illustrate always the wisest economy in the use of money. But we must remember that it is of the essence of benevolence that it be spontaneous, and in such matters it is commonly best to regard the preference of benefactors as a sufficient justification of their plans. *Sit pro ratione voluntas.*

But as institutions grow old and the communities in which they are situated grow rich they become the subjects of increased benefactions, and are able to call into their service a larger number of professors. The curriculum is enlarged: new subjects are added: old subjects are subdivided.

FRANCIS L. PATTON

Professors are relieved of the drudgery of excessive teaching, and the leisure thus acquired bears fruit in books, monographs and scientific memoirs. It is obvious that an institution that is favored in this way enjoys very great advantages, and it is not strange that it is very attractive to the student. A man undoubtedly may spend four years very profitably on the old-fashioned curriculum just referred to, and if the college is limited in resources it must restrict its curriculum to the general consideration of the great divisions of human knowledge. But with their rapid increase in knowledge new subjects will demand a place in the course of study, and will secure it as soon as the college or university can afford to give it.

The elective system is, then, the logical consequence. For no man can study everything, and every man will have greater aptitude for some subjects than for others. If a man wished to prosecute the study of political science and had no interest in biology, it would be a piece of pedagogic cruelty as well as a pedagogic error to deprive him of the opportunity of studying the one and force him to study the other. Now there is a growing tendency on the part of students to take advantage of the opportunities which the universities afford them to study the subjects in which they feel the deepest interest, and to study them in advanced and highly specialized courses of instruction. This is not strange. The elective system is a natural and necessary development.

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SPECIAL BENEFITS OF THE UNIVERSITY

This specialization of function, which is going on so rapidly in our American universities, is of great advantage to the professors, for it enables them to become investigators and not merely teachers of the body of accepted truth.

It would not be impossible for the same man to teach logic, ethics and metaphysics, and also to lecture on English Literature, International Law, and the Evidences of Christianity. But he could hardly be expected to do original work in all of these departments, and it would be strange if he succeeded in teaching any one of them well. And it is a distinct advantage to the student when the professor's teaching schedule is so reduced and his area of professional responsibility is so limited that he can give his whole time to the study of a specialty. For there comes a time in the life of the undergraduate when he feels that his days of learning lessons and of reciting from text-books are over, and that if he is to have any fresh inspiration for study he must get it by contact with men also who are acknowledged masters in the departments with which they deal, and by independent study in a chosen field of inquiry.

It will be universally conceded that for a student to engage successfully in original research he should have the advantage of access to large libraries, the use of well-equipped laboratories, and the guidance of professors who have made certain fields of inquiry in a very special sense their own. And these advantages ordinarily cannot be enjoyed outside of the universities. The only question is whether a student may profitably engage in work of this kind during his undergraduate career. I see no reason why he should not begin work of this kind during the last two years of his course, and why a very considerable part of time in senior year should not be devoted to it.

It is not denied, however, that much can be said in behalf of the old-fashioned curriculum and the small college, though what is commonly said of them in contrast with and to the disadvantage of the university could be improved by the infusion into it of a more judicial temper. It may easily happen that in the college the freshman comes into direct contact with a professor, while in the university he is very frequently brought into relation with a tutor or an assistant professor. But this is not necessarily a disadvantage.

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THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM OPEN TO CRITICISM

It is the rule for the larger institutions of learning to recruit their teaching staff from time to time by adding to it bright young men who have won their spurs in some special department, and who come to their work of teaching with the enthusiasm of youth and the advantage of the latest learning and the most modern method. Speaking generally, it is safe to say that it is a disadvantage for the men in a faculty to be all young or all past middle life. The older men may be wiser and have more wealth of knowledge and experience, but the younger men are apt to be more enthusiastic, aggressive and capable in stirring students.

Nor can it be denied that the large range of choice among studies which is open to students through the elective system is exposed to criticism from two opposite points. On the one hand, it is said that the student is allowed to fritter away his time on subjects that may have little disciplinary value, and, moreover, are heterogeneous; and on the other hand, it is alleged that he specializes too much and is thereby made narrow, so that instead of becoming a man of broad, general culture he is liable to be a one-sided student of a specialty. It would be very easy for the authorities of a university to incur this criticism with entire justice unless great care be taken in arranging the curriculum.

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THE TWO WORLDS TO CONQUER

It should be conceded, to begin with, that certain studies are presupposed in a liberal education. Ordinarily, a student continues in his freshman and sophomore years to study his classics and mathematics, and one modern language. These studies completed, there remain the two worlds in regard to which any educated man should have some knowledge: the inner world of thought and feeling, and the outer world of mechanism, philosophy and physics. But with this amount of work required of him, he cannot be said to be scattering his energies over too many fields if in the latter part of his undergraduate career he seeks to profit as much as possible by enjoying the advantages of a compulsive curriculum. Nor, on the other hand, can we blame a student who, after spending three years in the study of widely different subjects, wishes to devote his whole time during his senior year to the more minute and specialized study of a single department; and of course the opportunity for doing this to the best advantage is to be found in the larger universities.

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INVESTING STUDENTS WITH THE FRANCHISE OF MANHOOD

It is also said in behalf of the smaller institutions of learning that class friendships are stronger there than in the larger ones, and that as universities increase in size and wealth they tend to lose their democratic character. The difference referred to, however, is due less to size than to situation. A university situated in the city gives no opportunity for that unique social life that grows up in a college community, where men live together in a world of their own, inherit the traditions of the place, and take pride in perpetuating them. Fortunate, indeed, is the university which runs no risk of losing its greatest charm by reason of its own development, and where the comradeships of its campus life cannot be destroyed through sheer force of numbers.

It is said, moreover, that too much freedom is allowed students in the university. This, too, is not a matter of size, but of situation. If undergraduates are not in residence they cannot be held under restraint. If they are, the problem in respect to the degree of freedom that should be given them is not materially changed by an increase of numbers.

The same problem in discipline pertains to the college and the university, and that is: How can the undergraduate be best taught the wise use of the full franchises of manhood into possession of which he will so shortly come.

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THE RICHEST UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA

IN DEEDING to the trustees of Leland Stanford, Junior, University various properties, having an aggregate value of $38,000,000, Mrs. Leland Stanford has nobly fulfilled the promise made soon after her husband's death for the institution that perpetuates the name of an only and early lost child.

Senator Stanford died before his plans could be put into operation, and his large estate was tied up by court proceedings. An important judicial decision in favor of the widow at length placed her in a position to carry out her husband's and her own wishes, and to make the university the most superbly endowed institution in the world. Great as is this gift, it forms but a part of the endowment. More than $3,500,000 have already been invested, and the large property retained by Mrs. Stanford will ultimately go into this fund.

Editor's Note—This is the concluding paper in the series, College or University? The Advantages of the Country College were presented by President Butler, of Colby, in the Post of May 13.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

How Wallace Got the First Telegraph Frank

General Lew Wallace is rounding out his long career as a soldier, statesman, diplomat and author peacefully and happily at Crawfordsville, Indiana. The author of Ben Hur is not the first member of his line to be distinguished. His mother, who died recently, was revered among women club members the world over, and his father, who had served the Hoosier State as Governor and Congressman, was one of the foremost men of his time. The elder Wallace was a broad and liberal statesman with illimitable faith in the progress of the nation. It was owing to this faith that he lost his seat in Congress.

The Governor represented an Indiana district in the Congress to which Professor Morse's telegraph scheme first unsuccessfully appealed for aid. Among the chief advocates of the invention was Governor Wallace. He spoke and voted for the appropriation to carry out the work. After the session he found that the rural portions of his district were solidly arrayed against him. Even in the towns the business men were opposed to the expenditure of the public funds for such a chimerical scheme as the much-ridiculed plan of sending messages by electricity on simple wires, and the campaign was one of the most bitter in Hoosier politics.

"Don't vote for a man who wanted to give the Government's money away to an electric telegraph" was the opposition cry, and it won.

A few years later the telegraph had become a success. It did not send the Governor back to Washington, but the telegraph company, in recognition of his services, sent to him and his family a frank during his lifetime. It was one of the first, and was certainly one of the most deserved privileges of the sort granted.

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Mr. Cable's Hard-Earned Success

For the past fifteen years George W. Cable has been a Northern man. In the year 1884 he gave up his home in New Orleans and took up his residence in Northampton, Massachusetts, where he is a prominent member of the scholastic colony founded by Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist.

Few authors have struggled against greater odds than the brilliant novelist of the Louisiana Creole. His father died when he was fourteen years old, and he was forced to earn his living as a clerk. In 1863 he enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army, and at the close of the war he returned to mercantile life. He was employed in a cotton broker's office when his Old Creole Days brought him fame and opened the magazines of the North to his stories. Since that time he has confined himself to literature and the reading of his stories in public.

GEORGE W. CABLE

His latest volume, Strong Hearts, contains three short stories which carry the reader back to the author's happiest vein as shown in his early efforts. They also exhibit the influence of his associations in Northampton. They have a distinct flavor of the pulpit. They are sermons—graceful, entertaining and charming—but sermons nevertheless.

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When Nerve Saved Voorhees' Life

Governor Foster Voorhees, of New Jersey, has been described as a man devoid of nerves, and an incident of his recent campaign for election bears out this definition. The Governor was making a tour of the State, speaking to different audiences half a dozen times a day. On this occasion he was due at Morristown in the evening, and was obliged to meet a train bound for that city at a water station. In order to reach the cars he was forced to cross a labyrinth of tracks. He was piloted through the darkness by a brakeman carrying a lantern. They had crossed most of the tracks when the brakeman stopped and shouted, "Governor!" At first the Governor did not hear him. The noise was too great and he was too intent on keeping his appointment. Thereupon the brakeman waved his lantern frantically, after the fashion of trainmen, which is the universal signal for "down brakes," and it means "down brakes hard."

The tracks were filled with freight cars being pushed and hauled to and fro by puffing, snorting engines. Lights were flashing up and down the yard, but above the noise the Governor heard the rumble of an approaching train coming nearer and nearer every moment. Without an instant's hesitation he stopped as if turned into stone, his body bent forward.

There was a whirr and an express train rushed by over the rails directly in front of the Governor. Another step and he would have been killed. As it was, the rim of his hat was caught by the cars and sent flying into space. As soon as the train had passed the Governor straightened up and said:

"Bring your lantern over here, brakeman; I've lost my hat."

Twenty minutes later he was in Morristown making the most effective speech of his brilliant and successful campaign.

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The Great-Grandniece of George Washington

Miss Mary Washington-Bond is not only the descendant of George Washington, but she is as well one of the most beautiful girls in New York society. At the Charity Ball last winter she was considered the most beautiful woman present.

Miss Washington-Bond is the great-grandniece of George Washington, and the great-granddaughter of General Samuel Washington, the brother of President Washington.

Miss Bond has some rare relics which once belonged to her illustrious great-granduncle, and has also many old portraits of the Washington family.

This fair descendant of the "greatest American" is tall and slender and blonde, and in every way is worthy of her ancestors. Her miniature is in the famous collection of "Beautiful American Women of Society" belonging to Peter Marie, of New York.

MARY WASHINGTON-BOND

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Colonel Donan Outrivaled

Colonel Pat Donan, the reputed author of Proctor Knott's famous Duluth speech in which that city is called "the Zenith City of the unsalted seas," is now in the State of Washington, where he is employed in writing "literature" for the coast railway lines. Donan possesses one of the richest vocabularies of any writer in the country. His ready choice of adjectives and his powers of exaggeration and invective have made him famous all over the country.

There have been many imitations of the Colonel, but only one ever equaled *him*. He is ex-Consul Fales, who several years ago wrote a poem as Donan might have written it. It was composed on a wager at a social gathering in Washington. Here is one verse of it:

"Nor snow, nor frost are known within this land,
The summer days are ever mild and bland;
Unknown are storms, unknown those forms of life
Which presage fear or are with danger rife.
The frisky lamb, the kid and sportive colt
Play on the green, or browse within the holt.
The skies are clear, the fields are gayly drest
Beneath a golden atmosphere of rest.
It is the Springs,
The Orkney Springs,
The unapproachable Orkney Springs,
Whereof the delectable Donan sings.
The word-weaving, term-twining Donan sings—
Sings as his spirit to prosody clings,
Untempered by polysyllabic stings—
Sings, a hexameter proudly he slings,
To the Springs."

Even Colonel Donan was forced to admit that for once he was out-Donaned.

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Mr. Chase and His Youthful Sitters

William M. Chase, N. A., is quite as celebrated as a painter of children's portraits as he is in other lines of art work, and he tells many stories of his youthful sitters. Here are two:

"One of my sitters," he said the other day, "once brought her little brother to keep her company. Now this was a very superior little boy. He didn't play with dolls, and he sat on the floor looking over some art magazines and listening to a fairy story I was telling, half pityingly.

"'Oh, Mr. Chase,' interrupted my sitter, 'what would have happened if you had never been born? Who would have painted me?'

"'Oh, pshaw!' answered her brother. 'Don't ask such foolish questions. Mr. Chase's little boy would have painted you, to be sure.'

"On another occasion a small boy who is now one of the young millionaires of New York, was brought to my studio for a sitting. He was also a superior child, old beyond his years and disdained dolls. Animals were more in his line, and he brought with him a china pig that he wanted me to include in the portrait. When the sitting was over he said,

"'Mr. Chase, I like the picture of myself very much. I think it is the best picture I have ever seen, but I don't like the picture of the pig at all. I think it is just horrid!'

"I meekly painted it out and let the rest of the picture stand."

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Putting Presidents on the Gridiron

Dr. Edward Bedloe, of Philadelphia, United States Consul to Canton, is on his way home for a visit. He will probably pass through Paris in time to pay his respects to General Harrison, who sent him as Consul to Amoy, China, in 1889. If the two statesmen meet, probably the Doctor will recall the General's clever rebuke to him during his vacation when he was in office.

The Doctor was spending a month or two in Washington, and was largely in evidence in social and political circles. About this time the Gridiron Club gave a dinner, and both gentlemen were guests. The Doctor told a few stories early in the evening, and later on the President made a speech.

"I was charmed," he said in his soft, graceful way, "to hear the clever anecdotes from our distinguished Consul to —I mean from Amoy." Then he passed on to other topics, but the Doctor took the hint, and the next steamer carried him back to his post.

It was not the first time that Doctor Bedloe had experience with Presidents at club dinners. Once President Cleveland was a guest at the celebrated Clover Club in Philadelphia, of which the Doctor is a famous wit. The Cloverites always interrupt their guests when they rise to speak. Knowing this, Mr. Cleveland began:

"Go on, gentlemen; I am prepared for the worst."

There came an instant's pause, and the Doctor cackled shrilly:

"So are we."

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Senator Culbertson's Wit

A witty speaker will enliven the proceedings of the Senate when ex-Governor Culbertson, of Texas, takes his seat. Not long ago, at a convention in the Lone Star State, ex-Senator Roger Q. Mills was the orator of the occasion. Mr. Mills is what is known as a strong speaker. Eloquence is not altogether in his line. Senator Culbertson was in the audience. Mr. Mills had spoken for nearly two hours in his accustomed vein when Mr. Culbertson and his nearest neighbor caught each other yawning. Hiding his face with his hand, the Senator whispered into the other tired man's ear:

"I now know the meaning of Longfellow's immortal lines, 'Though the mills of the gods grind slowly, they grind exceeding small.'"

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Hall Caine Defends Himself.—A letter has just been received, by a friend in New York, from Hall Caine, saying that the novelist intends to return to this country next season to look after his plays, and to lecture. This recalls a bit of pleasantry between the author and the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. The Doctor, it is said, took exception to some of the things which Mr. Caine had wittily said about the Scotch.

The author smiled when he heard it and said: "Of course all that one hears about the Scotch is not true, and the same may apply to my people, the Manx. Why, only the other day, in a Western State where I was traveling, a little boy asked me whether it was really true that the Manxman had three legs, and whether the cats had no tails. I replied that such had been the common report for generations, but I believed it was not so."

Mr. Dooley's Ambition.—The latest story concerning Finley Peter Dunne comes from London, where the author of Mr. Dooley is spending a well-earned vacation.

The subject of the new book, Mr. Dooley: In the Hearts of His Countrymen, was being discussed one evening by the author and some friends.

"By-the-way," queried one of the latter, "I expect your new book will hit the people hard. It will probably be the real thing, won't it? You ought to be satisfied."

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer; "may be if Dooley works hard and lets rum alone he may be able some day to get from the hearts to the heads of his countrymen."

Mr. Sherman Needed No Help.—Congressman Sherman, of New York State, one of the leading contestants for the Speakership left vacant by Mr. Reed's retirement, has a ready wit. At a recent State Convention one of the ushers was vainly trying to open a pathway through the crowd which blocked the aisle leading to Mr. Sherman's seat. Finally he called out, "Make way for Mr. Sherman."

"Never mind," shouted the Congressman, "Mr. Sherman can make his own way."

In the general laugh which followed he found his seat.

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES

That are Making HISTORY

Expert Guesses at the Population

Dr. F. H. Wines, Assistant Director of the Census, says 75,000,000, more or less, is about what the twelfth census will show the population of the United States to be. Mr. J. S. McCoy, Government Actuary, estimates the present population at over 76,000,000, and says that in June, 1900, it will be 77,676,000. Dr. H. S. Pritchard, Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, predicts the twelfth census will show a population of 77,472,000. He goes further than that, and informs us that in one hundred years the population will reach 385,860,000, and at the end of one thousand years the impressive total of 41,000,000,000.

The estimates for next year are important because they agree that the present idea of a population of eighty millions in this country is an exaggeration.

It is gratifying to know that the census will be taken along simpler lines, and that we shall get the totals more promptly than in 1890.

President McKinley's New Civil Service Order

The new civil service order of President McKinley contained amendments which took many offices out of the classified service. This was especially the case in the War Department, in which about sixty-four hundred positions, hitherto filled by the competitive registration system, were thrown open to appointment without competition, or at least to transfers of temporary appointees to the classified service without examination. The whole number of places affected by the order was placed at over ten thousand.

By the Civil Service reformers the order was instantly and vigorously resented and criticised. The National Civil Service Reform League claimed that the President had surrendered to the spoilsmen, and that his action would introduce into the service a spirit which "can hardly fail to produce general demoralization." President McKinley's declaration in favor of Civil Service Reform, June, 1897, was quoted against him. With few exceptions the leading Republican newspapers declared that the President's action was a great mistake. On the other hand, many Republicans do not hesitate to praise the President for the new order, and the Ohio convention had in its platform a special plank of commendation for it. The most important defense was a prepared interview by Secretary Gage, in which he said: "The thing which the President has done is to permit the heads of departments to make permanent such temporary appointments in the classified service heretofore made with the sanction of the Civil Service Commission, and because the commission has been unable or has neglected to furnish an eligible register from which appointments could be made." He also stated that "there has been no letting down of the bars." The Civil Service League, however, maintains its claim that the order was hostile to the interests of civil service reform.

Announcements from Washington are to the effect that modifications of the new order will materially limit the scope, and that it will not be as favorable to the politicians as they thought. The spoils opportunity was found in the new Rule 8, providing that "All persons at the date of the approval of this section may be permanently appointed, in the discretion of the proper appointing officer." Now it is declared that the President did not intend to permit the wholesale transfer of persons who had never undergone a competitive examination to the classified service, and that such will not be allowed.

Putting the People to Work the Present Problem in Cuba

The troubles in paying off the Army have filled the greater part of the Cuban news, and have spread the idea that a general condition of indolence as well as a feeling of ingratitude exists everywhere. But General Wood, after several trips in the province of Santiago, reports that the people are all at work, are peaceful, and, as far as he can see, fairly happy. During the two trips he was not approached by a beggar or asked for assistance. His observations extended further than the route of his journey, and in a report to the Government he says: "The whole problem of to-day in Cuba is work. Put the idle people, who are now reading the incendiary press, to work, relegate to a back seat the politician whose present importance rests solely on the attentions they are receiving from our people, and they will not have followers enough left to give them the slightest importance or weight in the community. The people who are creating the disturbances to-day do not represent two per cent. of the population."

General Wood has gained such confidence as a level-headed man that this opinion from him will carry conviction.

The National Export Exposition

The United States has long been the great food supply depot of the world, but it has only been of recent years that manufacturers have turned their attention to the exportation of their products. The superiority of most American goods is so manifest that without any organized effort to increase foreign trade the exports of manufactures have increased at a rate which has alarmed the manufacturers of Europe, who have had a monopoly of the markets of the world.

It is the purpose of the National Export Exposition, to be held in Philadelphia during September, October and November of the present year, to advance the interests of American manufacturers by aiding in the development of the export trade in manufactured products. It will be the first national exposition of the manufactured products of the United States especially suited for export, and it will be on a larger scale than ever attempted in similar expositions in any European country. The idea that it is purely a local enterprise is entirely wrong, for it is distinctly national.

Thousands of articles made in the United States and considered indispensable by our people have never been heard of in many parts of the world. No one can say how large a market may be secured for goods of that class, provided their merits are properly placed before the people of foreign countries. This is what the Exposition will attempt to do.

DR. W. P. WILSON
DIRECTOR-GENERAL NATIONAL EXPORT EXPOSITION

The value to American manufacturers of the exhibition of their goods will lie in the fact that thousands of foreign business men will attend the Exposition.

The principal department will consist of American manufactured goods of every class, for which there is at present a demand abroad or for which a foreign market may be created.

In another department samples of foreign manufactured products will be shown, but not as the exhibits of individuals. Commissioners of the Exposition, aided by the consular service of the United States, have collected in foreign countries samples of the goods of European manufacture which meet with the largest and most profitable sale in every part of the world. The American manufacturer will thus have placed before him a collection of the best-selling products of the commercial countries of Europe, and he will have the opportunity of studying them and deciding whether he can make similar goods and sell them at the same price.

In a third department there will be shown the proper methods of packing, labeling and shipping goods to meet the requirements of foreign trade, which are often exacting.

Though the Exposition will comprise goods especially suitable for export, it will be a comprehensive display of American manufactured products.

As a means of creating interest in the Exposition in foreign countries and attracting to it foreign buyers, the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, under the auspices of which institution, jointly with the Franklin Institute, the Exposition is to be held, is organizing an International Commercial Congress, composed of delegates officially appointed by foreign Governments, and of representatives from chambers of commerce and other commercial bodies in all parts of the world. President McKinley has been invited to open the Congress in person, and among the speakers on the part of the United States will be such prominent citizens as ex-President Harrison, ex-Secretary of State Olney, Chauncey M. Depew, and Reciprocity Commissioner John A. Kasson.

Invitations to foreign Governments to send official representatives to the Commercial Congress were sent out the latter part of March through the State Department at Washington, and although the progress of such documents through diplomatic channels is not very speedy, many foreign countries have already accepted. There is every indication that it will prove one of the most memorable international events in the annals of the closing century.

Congress at its last session, recognizing the importance of the Exposition, gave it sanction and financial support. The State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia have also made liberal appropriations to aid it. A corporation directed by a number of the most active and influential business men of Pennsylvania is conducting it.

The main building of the Exposition will be a handsome structure 1000 feet long and 400 feet wide, with more than twelve acres of floor space. Its architectural features will be imposing. There will be a special building, with an area of 72,000 square feet, for exhibits of agricultural machinery and implements, vehicles and furniture. Another building will be devoted to exhibits of locomotives and railway cars, and street railway equipment.

W. P. Wilson

The Fine Foresight of Benjamin Franklin

An incident of the end of the century is the increasing recognition of the genius of Franklin as one of the greatest, if not really the greatest, of Americans. An illustration has been cited in the Peace Conference at The Hague.

The proposition of the American delegates to exempt private property from seizure on the high seas in time of war is by no means new. In 1783, Franklin, then the American Minister at Paris, in a letter to his friend, Richard Oswald, the British agent, as to the terms of a treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, wrote, under date of January 14, an article providing for the immunity of noncombatants on land or sea, which contained the following clause:

> "And all merchants or traders, with their unarmed vessels, employed in commerce, exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessary conveniences and comforts of human life more easy to obtain and more general, shall be allowed to pass freely, unmolested."

Thus, after considerably more than a century, the humane proposal of Franklin bids fair to become a fixed principle between nations.

The New Gospel Urges Plenty of Soap

At the Tuberculosis Congress which recently assembled in Berlin the praise of soap was sung in the leading languages of the world. "More soap, still more soap. That is what is needed to check the advance of infectious diseases," said Emperor William. Scarlet fever, diphtheria and measles could be forever eliminated if only perfect cleanliness were enforced for a single generation, officially declared a British scientific commission. Soap has removed the horrors of cholera, typhus, smallpox and other pestilences.

With the various Peace Commissions working their miracles, the only war in the world will be the battle against dirt, with cohorts of soldiers, from professional nurses to the most expert scientists, armed with soap. Never was the phrase "cleanliness is next to godliness" so conspicuously the cry of the civilized world as it is to-day, and the greatest reformer of the end of the century is soap.

Americans in the East Have Committed No Atrocities

Some of the most reputable papers of the country printed paragraphs purporting to come from the private letters of troops, giving details of frightful atrocities by our men in the Philippines. If the stories had been true, the Americans would have deserved a place on a plane with barbarians.

Now the denials have had time to overtake the rumors, and it can be broadly stated that the reports were most disgraceful falsehoods. Professor Worcester, in a letter, says that they are gross exaggerations in the main, and in many cases absolute lies. He writes:

> "I have personally inspected all battle-fields from Caloocan to Malolos. Once I was on the field before the wounded were removed, and repeatedly I was there before the dead were buried. I never saw a single woman or child wounded or dead. I have found, on the contrary, wounded rebels whose injuries have been dressed by American surgeons before the firing had ceased.
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> "The insurgent wounded were brought to Manila and tended in our hospitals, or even taken care of in private hospitals, the Government paying all the expenses. When cured, the wounded can hardly be driven away. All the prisoners are well treated. It is absolutely false that any order was ever issued looking toward the killing of men who might be captured."

Washington and Madrid Again in Bonds of Friendship

June was a red-letter month for Spain. With the resumption of diplomatic relations with the United States, which had been interrupted for nearly fourteen months, the Kingdom entered on a new national era.

The presentation speeches of the new American and Spanish Ministers and the official responses breathed cordial and heartfelt sentiments. They recognized the mutual interests and duties of the future, and each country asked and was pledged the cooperation of the other in conserving these responsibilities.

Napoleon the First said, "After the battle, all are friends." Spain enters upon her new career with the best wishes of the world. Relieved of external concerns that were constant and increasing burdens, she can now make her internal and national welfare her paramount study.

ALL THE WORLD'S MAD

BY GILBERT PARKER

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UP TO thirty-two years of age David Hyam, of the village of Framley, in Staffordshire, was not a man of surprises. With enough of this world's goods to give him comfort of body and suave gravity of manner, the figure he cut was becoming to his Quaker origin and profession. No one suspected the dynamic possibilities of his nature till a momentous day in August, in the middle Victorian period, when news from Bristol came that an uncle in chocolate had died and left him the third of a large fortune, without condition or proviso.

This was of a Friday, and on the Saturday following David did his first startling act: he offered marriage to Faith Marlowe, the only Quaker girl in Framley who had ever dared to discard the poke bonnet even for a day, and who had been publicly reproved for laughing in meeting—for Mistress Faith had a curious, albeit demure and suggestive, sense of humor; she was, in truth, a kind of sacred minuet in gray. Faith had promptly accepted David, at the same time taunting him softly with the fact that he had recklessly declared he would never marry, even saying profanely that upon his word and honor he never would! She repeated to him what his own mother once replied to his audacious worldly protests:

"If thee say thee will never, never, never do a thing, thee will some time surely do it."

Then seeing that David was a bit chagrined, Faith slipped one hand into his, drew him back within the door, lifted the shovel hat off his forehead, and whispered with a coquetry unworthy a Quaker maid:

"But thee did not say, Friend David, thee would never, never, never smite thy friend on both cheeks after she had flouted thee."

Having smitten her on both cheeks, after the manner of foolish men, David gravely got him to his home and to a sound sleep that night. Next morning, the remembrance of the pleasant smiting roused him to an outwardly sedate and inwardly vainglorious courage. Going with steady steps to the Friends' meeting-house at the appointed time, the spirit moved him, after a decorous pause, to announce his intended marriage to the prettiest Quaker in Framley, even the maid who had shocked the decorum of the community, and had been written down a rebel—though these things he did not say.

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From the recesses of her poke bonnet Faith watched the effect of David's words upon the meeting; but when the elders turned and looked at her, as became her judges before the Lord, her eyes dropped; also her heart thumped so hard she could hear it; and in the silence that followed it seemed to beat time to the words like the pendulum of a clock, "Fear not—Love on! Fear not—Love on!" But the heart beat faster still, the eyes came up quickly, and the face flushed a deep, excited red when David, rising again, said that, with the consent of the community—a consent which his voice subtly insisted upon—he would take a long journey into the Holy Land, into Syria, traveling to Baalbec and Damascus, and even beyond as far as the desolate city of Palmyra; and then afterwards into Egypt, where Joseph and the Brethren of Israel were captive aforetime. He would fain visit the Red Sea, and likewise confer with the Coptic Christians in Egypt, "of whom thee and me have read to our comfort," he added piously, looking at Friend Fairley, the oldest and heretofore the richest man in the community.

Friend Fairley rejoiced now that he had in bygone days lent David books to read; but he rejoiced secretly, for though his old bookman's heart warmed at the thought that he should in good time hear, from one who had seen with his own eyes, of the wonders of the East, it became him to assume a ponderous placidity—for Framley had always been doubtful of his bookishness and its influence on such as David. They said it boded no good; there were those even who called Fairley "a new light," that schism in a sect.

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These God-fearing, dull folk were present now, and, disapproving of David's choice in marriage, disapproved far more of its consequence; for so they considered the projected journey into the tumultuous world and the garish Orient. In the end, however, an austere approval was promised, if the solemn commissions of men and women of the community appointed to confer with and examine the candidates found in their favor—which in this case should be largely a matter of form—for thirty thousand pounds bulked potently even in this community of unworldly folk, though it smacked of the world, the flesh and the devil.

If David, however, would stand to the shovel hat, and if Faith would be faithful forever to the poke bonnet and gray cloth, all might yet be well. At the same time, they considered that Friend David's mind was distracted by the things of this world, and they reasoned with the Lord in prayer upon the point in David's presence.

In worldly but religiously controlled dudgeon David left the meeting-house, and inside the door of Faith's cottage said to his own mother and to hers some bitter and un-Quakerlike things against the stupid world—for to him as yet the world was Framley, though he should soon mend o' that.

When he had done speaking against "the mad wits that would not see," Faith laid her cool fingers on his arm and said, with a demure humor, "All the world's mad but thee and me, David—and thee's a bit mad!"

So pleased was David's mother with this speech that then and there she was reconciled to Faith's rebellious instincts, and saw safety for her son in the hands of the quaint, clear-minded daughter of her old friend and kinswoman, Mercy Marlowe.

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Chapter II

WITHIN three months David and Faith had seen the hills of Moab from the top of the Mount of Olives; watched the sun go down over the Sea of Galilee; plucked green boughs from the cedars on Lebanon; broke into placid exclamations of delight in the wild orchard of nectarine blossoms by the lofty ruins of Baalbec; walked in that street called Straight at Damascus; journeyed through the desert with a caravan, when the Druses were up, to Palmyra; and at last came to look upon the spot where lived that Pharaoh who knew not Joseph.

In this land they stayed; and even now far up the Nile you will hear of the Two Strange People who traveled the Nile even to Dongola and part way back—only part way back—for a long time. In particular you will hear of them from an old dragoman called Mohammed Ramadan Saggara, and a white-haired jeweler of Assiut, called Abdul Mazar.

THE QUAKER HAT AND SADDENED DRAB WORKED UPON THE ARAB MIND TO ADVANTAGE

These two men still tell the tale of the two mad English folk with faces like no English people ever seen in Egypt, who refused protection in their travels, but went fearlessly among the Arabs everywhere, to do good and fear not. The Quaker hat and saddened drab worked upon the Arab mind to advantage.

In Egypt, David and Faith found their pious mission—though historians have since called it "whimsical and unpractical": David's to import the great Syrian donkey, which was to banish the shame of grossly burdening the small donkey of the land of Pharaoh; and Faith's to build schools where English should be taught, to exclude "that language of Belial," as David called French. When their schemes came home to Framley, with an order on David's bankers for ten thousand pounds, gray-garbed consternation walked abroad, and in meeting the following First Day no one prayed or spoke for an hour or more. At last, however, Friend Fairley rose in his place and said:

"The Lord shall deliver the heathen into their hands."

Then the spirit moved freely and severely among them all, and Friend Fairley was, as he said himself, "crowded upon the rails by the yearlings of the flock." For he alone of all Framley believed that David and Faith had not thrown away the Quaker drab, the shovel hat and the poke bonnet, and gone forth fashionable, worldly and an hungered among the fleshpots of Egypt. There was talk of gilded palaces, Saracenic splendors and dark suggestions from the Arabian Nights.

Still the ten thousand pounds went to David and Faith where they smilingly labored through the time of High Nile and Low Nile, and *kamseen* and sirocco, and cholera, and, worse than all, the banishments to the hot Siberia of Fazougli.

But Mohammed Ramadan Saggara babbles yet of the time when, for one day, David threw away his shovel hat; and Abdul Mazar, the jeweler, tells how, on the same day, the Sit—that is, Faith—bought of him a ring of turquoises and put it on her finger with a curious smile.

That day David and Faith, the one in a pith helmet, the other with a turquoise ring on her left hand, went to dine with Kahoum Pasha, the Armenian Governor of the province, a man of varied talents, not least of which was deceit of an artistic kind. For, being an Armenian, he said he was a true Christian, and David believed him, though Faith did not; and being an Oriental, he said he told the truth; and again David believed him, but Faith did not. He had a red beard, an eye that glinted red also, and fat, smooth fingers which kept playing with a string of beads as though it were a rosary.

As hard as he worked to destroy the Quaker in David, she worked against him; and she did not fear the end, for she believed in David Hyam, of Framley. It was Kahoum Pasha's influence, persistently and adroitly used for two years, which made Friend David at last put aside for this one day his Quaker hat. And the Pasha rejoiced; for knowing human nature after a fashion, he understood that when you throw the outer sign away (the sign to you since your birth, like the fingers of your hand), the inner grace begins decadence and in due time disappears.

Kahoum Pasha had waited this with Oriental patience, for he was sure that if David gave way in one thing he would give way in all—and with a rush, some day. Now, at last, he had got David and Faith to dine with him; he had his meshes of deceit around them.

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When they came to dinner Kahoum Pasha saw the turquoise ring upon the finger of Friend Faith, and this startled him and pleased him. Here, he knew, was his greatest enemy where David was concerned, and yet this quaint, pretty Saint Elizabeth was wearing a fine turquoise ring with a poke bonnet, in a very worldly fashion. He almost rubbed his eyes, it was so hard to believe; for time and again he had offered *antichi* in bracelets, rings and scarabs, and fine cottons from Beni-Mazar; and had been promptly and firmly told that the Friends wore no jewelry nor gay attire. Kahoum Pasha, being a Christian—after the Armenian fashion—then desired to learn of this strange religion, that his own nature might be bettered, for, alas! the snares for the soul were many in the Orient. For this Faith had quietly but firmly referred him to David.

Then he had tried another tack: he had thrown in his interest with her first school in his mudirieh; he got her Arab teachers from Cairo who could speak English; he opened the large schoolhouse himself with great ceremony, and with many kavasses in blue and gold. He said to himself that you never could tell what would happen in this world, and it was well to wait, and to watch the approach of that good angel, Opportunity.

With all his devices, however, he could not quite understand Faith, and he walked warily, lest through his lack of understanding he should, by some mischance, come suddenly upon a reef, and his plans go shipwreck. Yet all the time he laughed in his sleeve, for he foresaw the day when all this money the Two Strange People were spending in his mudirieh should become his own. If he could not get their goods and estates peaceably, riots were so easy to arrange; he had arranged them before. Then when the Two Strange People had been struck with panic, the Syrian donkey-market, and the five hundred feddans of American cotton, and the new schools would be his for a song—or a curse.

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When he saw the turquoise ring on the finger of the little Quaker lady he fancied he could almost hear the accompaniment of the song. He tore away tender portions of roasted lamb with his fingers, and crammed them into his mouth, rejoicing. With the same greasy fingers he put upon Faith's plate a stuffed cucumber, and would have added a clammy sweet and a tumbler of sickly sherbet at the same moment; but Faith ate nothing save a cake of dourha bread, and drank only a cup of coffee.

Meanwhile Kahoum Pasha talked of the school, of the donkey-market, the monopoly of which the Khedive had granted David; and of the new prosperous era opening up in Egypt, due to the cotton David had introduced as an

experiment. David's heart waxed proud within him that he had walked out of Framley into the regeneration of a country. He likened himself to Joseph, son of Jacob; and at once the fineness of his first purposes became blunted.

As Kahoum Pasha talked on, of schools, of taxes, of laws, of government, to David, with no hat on—Samson without his hair—Faith's mind was working as it had never worked before. She realized what a prodigious liar Kahoum Pasha was; for, talking benignly of equitable administration as he did, she recalled the dark stories she had heard of rapine and extortion and cruel imprisonment in this same mudirieh.

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Suddenly Kahoum Pasha saw the dark blue eyes fastened upon his face with a curious intentness, a strange questioning; and the blue of the turquoise on the hand folded over the other in the gray lap did not quite reassure him. He stopped talking, and spoke in a low voice to his kavass, who presently brought a bottle of champagne—a final proof that Kahoum Pasha was not an ascetic or a Turk. As the bottle was being opened the Pasha took up his string of beads and began to finger them, for the blue eyes in the poke bonnet were disconcerting. He was about to speak when Faith said, in a clear voice:

"Thee has a strange people beneath thee. Thee rules by the sword, or the word of peace, friend?"

The fat, smooth hands fingered the beads swiftly. Kahoum Pasha was disturbed, as he proved by replying in French—he had spent years of his youth in France:

"*Par la force morale, toujours, madame*—by moral force, always," he hastened to add in English. Then, casting down his eyes with truly Armenian modesty, he continued in Arabic: "By the word of peace, oh, woman of the clear eyes—to whom God give length of days!"

Kahoum Pasha smiled a greasy smile, and held the bottle of champagne over the glass set for Friend David.

Never in his life had David the Quaker tasted champagne. In his eyes, in the eyes of Framley, it had been the brew especially prepared by Sheitan to tempt to ruin the feeble ones of the earth. But the doublet of David's mind was all unbraced now; his hat was off, his Quaker drab was spotted with the grease of a roasted lamb. He had tasted freedom; he was ready for license now.

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He took his hand from the top of the glass, and the amber liquid and the froth poured in. At that instant he saw Faith's eyes upon his, he saw her hand go to the poke bonnet, as it were to unloosen the strings. He saw for the first time the turquoise ring; he saw the eyes of Kahoum Pasha on Faith with a look prophesying several kinds of triumph, none palatable to him; and he stopped short on the road with an easy gradient, which Kahoum Pasha was macadamizing for him. He put his hand up as though to pull his hat down over his eyes, as was his fashion when troubled or when he was setting his mind to a task.

The hat was not there; but Faith's eyes were on his, and there were a hundred Quaker hats or Cardinals' hats in them. He reached out quickly and caught Faith's hand as it undid the strings of her gray bonnet.

"Will thee be mad, Faith?"

"All the world's mad but thee and me, David, and thee's a bit mad!" she answered in the tongue of Framley.

"The gaud upon thy hand?" he asked sternly; and his eyes flashed from her to Kahoum Pasha, for a horrible suspicion crept into his brain; a shameless suspicion; but even a Quaker may be human and foolish, as history has shown.

"The wine at thine elbow, David, and thine hat!" she answered steadily.

David, the friend of peace, was bitterly angry. He caught up the glass of champagne and dashed it upon the fine prayer-rug which Kahoum Pasha had collected with a kourbash for taxes of a Greek merchant back from Tiflis—the rug worth five hundred English pounds, the taxes but twenty Turkish pounds.

"Thee is a villain, friend," he said to Kahoum Pasha in a voice like a noise in a barrel; "I read thee as a book!"

"Through the eyes of your wife, effendi; she read me first—we understand each other!" answered the Governor with a hateful smile, knowing the end of one game was at hand, and instantly beginning another with an intelligent malice.

Against all Quaker principles David's sinful arm was lifted to strike, but Faith's hand prevented him, and Kahoum Pasha motioned back the Abyssinian slaves who had sprung forward menacingly from behind a mushrabieh screen.

Faith led the outraged David, hatless, into the street.

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Chapter III

THAT evening the Two Strange People went to Abdul Mazar, the jeweler, and talked with him for more than an hour; for Abdul Mazar, as Egyptians go, was a kindly man. He had taught Arabic to David and Faith. He would have asked more than twelve pieces of silver to betray them.

The next afternoon a riot occurred around the house of the Two Strange People, and the school they had built; and Kahoum Pasha would have had his spite of them, and his will of the donkey-market, the school, and the cotton-fields, but for Abdul Mazar and three Sheikhs, friends of his—at a price—who addressed the crowd and quieted them. They declared that the Two were mad folk with whom even the English would have naught to do; that they were of those from whom God had taken the souls, leaving their foolish bodies on earth, and were therefore to be cared for and protected, as the Koran said, be they infidel or the Faithful.

Furthermore, said Abdul Mazar, in proof of their madness and a certain sort of holiness, they wore hats always, as Arabs wore their turbans, and were as like good Mohammedans as could be, sitting down to speak and standing up to pray. He also added that they could not be enemies of the Faithful, or a Christian Mudir would not have turned against them. And Abdul Mazar prevailed against Kahoum Pasha—at a price; for Faith, seeing no necessity for martyrdom, had not hesitated to open her purse.

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Three days afterward, David, with Abdul Mazar, went to the Palace of the Khedive at Cairo, and within a week Kahoum Pasha was on his way to Fazougli, the hot Siberia. For the rage of the Khedive was great when he heard what David and Abdul Mazar told him of the murderous riot Kahoum Pasha had planned! David being an honest Quaker—for now again he wore his shovel hat—did not realize that the Khedive had only hungered for this chance to confiscate the goods of Kahoum Pasha. Was it not justice to take for the chosen ruler of the Faithful the goods an Armenian Christian had stolen from the poor? Before David left the Palace the Khedive gave him the Order of the Mejidiyeh, in token of what he had done for Egypt.

In the end, however, David took three things only out of Egypt: his wife, the Order of the Mejidiyeh, and Kahoum Pasha's pardon, which he strove for as hard as he had striven for his punishment, when he came to know the Khedive had sent the Mudir to Fazougli only that he might take his goods and estate. Having brought Kahoum Pasha to his doom, David could not rest now till he had leave to bring him back. He only achieved this at last, again on the advice of Abdul Mazar, by giving the Khedive as backsheesh the Syrian donkey-market, the five hundred feddans of cotton, and Faith's new school. Then, believing in no one in Egypt any more, he himself went with an armed escort and his Quaker hat, and the Order of the Khedive, to Fazougli, and brought Kahoum Pasha penniless to Cairo.

Nowadays, on the mastaba before his grandson's door, Abdul Mazar, over ninety "by the grace of Allah," still tells of the backsheesh he secured from the Two Strange People for his help on a certain occasion.

In Framley, where the whole truth never came, David and Faith occasionally take out the Order of the Mejidiyeh from a secret drawer to look at it, and, as David says, to "learn the lesson of Egypt once again." Having learned it to some purpose—and to the lifelong edification of old Friend Fairley, the only one who knew the whole truth—they founded three great schools for Quaker children. They were wont to say to each other, as the madding world made inroads on the strict Quaker life they had gone back to: "All the world's mad but thee and me, and thee's a bit mad."

—DAVID'S SINFUL ARM WAS LIFTED TO STRIKE, BUT FAITH'S HAND PREVENTED HIM

DEVASTATION OF THE ROADSIDES

By CHARLES M. SKINNER

OUR farming populations, that are coming to rely more and more on the visits of city people to their precincts, with all that fact implies in the spending of money, the brightening and enlivening of villages and encouragement of local industries and enterprises, are nevertheless blind to certain of their own interests. Their slowness in the improvement of roads is proverbial, though the advantages of smooth, solid highways are theirs rather than the visitors', but their treatment of the road after it is improved calls for a word of protest, and now that the vacation season has begun it is the time to make it.

The fact is, in "slicking up" their roadsides they injure them sadly, at least for those who take a summer pleasure in riding, driving, wheeling or walking through the land. For the essential beauty of the country is in its wildness, and the charm of the roadside increases in proportion as it differs from the formalities of parks and gardens. The frugality that makes the most of parks, and the predatory instinct in mobs that would strip our public grounds if they were given over to wild flowers, necessitates an artificial method of planting and a continuance of tending in the city, but such needs do not obtain in the rural districts, and so far as city people are concerned, they go to the hills to escape those very conditions of crowding and formality.

The farmer who cleans up his wayside does more than offend taste. He hurts his own road and his own business; for the tangle of bushes and herbage is not merely a joy to the eye; it is a conserver of moisture, a screen and blanket against dust, a freshener and a sweetener of the air, a provision for shade and an invitation to the birds. When the scythe goes slashing through the thicket, and the goldenrod, the vervain, the asters, the sweetbriar, the milkweed, the fireweed, the boneset, the hardhack, the berry bushes, the springing alders, the infant maples, elms and beeches that, if let alone, would presently become green walls and roofs, turning this strip of dust into a royal avenue—when all this falls, the road becomes commonplace, its things of interest are removed, and the depths are reached when the barbed wire fence appears in place of the vegetation, and when some merchant at the Four Corners nails to the fenceposts his adjurations to buy "pants" and patent medicines at his shop only.

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These wayside thickets are forests in little in the respect that they hold the rains and dews, shielding the fallen water from the sun and from rapid evaporation, giving time for it to soak into the earth, where it is stored for vegetation and for springs. Cut them away and all trace of a shower is gone in a few hours, and when the road is dusty the borders are dusty too. The wild growths serve as a defense for houses along the way against this dust, for much of it is caught and held by the bushes that would elsewise drift across the yards and enter the habitations, to the distress of housewives. Furthermore, the roots of the plants knit the soil together, so that even in a dry season it is the less likely to powder into dust. The vegetation freshens the air because it exhales oxygen and perfumes; it cools the earth in summer with its shade, enriches it when it dies down in the fall, and at all times in the green seasons makes a pleasant border of mystery that the dry earth does not afford. For we know that in these leafy hollows life abounds, and on a day of sunshine we see it in the scores of butterflies hovering about the new-blown blossoms. That winged jewel, the humming-bird, flashes from flower to flower, and in the twilight we see the greedy night-moth probing with long proboscis the depths of the jimson and the primrose.

Birds need these wayside wilds—that is, the tamer species do, for all of them seek concealment for their nests, and require hunting-grounds and hiding-places in the breeding season, where they may forage without too long an exposure to the prying eyes and murderous guns of the human race. And it is time that we left the gun at home when we take our walks abroad, or, better, that we did not even buy it; for the value of the bird in ridding the farms and gardens and orchards of troublesome insects has been preached long enough to be recognized, even if we deny to this tuneful and happy little creature the right to live, which, of course, we could not do, and which we would not willingly do if we honestly could.

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Yet when all is said as to the practical gain effected in leaving our country waysides thoroughly alone, the end principally to be sought is beauty, and no farmer can hope to compete with Nature. His way of regarding all things as weeds that do not bear marketable fruit is common to us all, and it shows our inappreciation.

We do not look often enough at the sunsets, or the mountains, or the ocean, or the pictures afforded in every grove and glen, because they have cost nothing. We must gain a new point of view that will enable us to realize the intrinsic value of things without reference to their commercial consequence. The farmer, of all men, needs this lesson in the ease and use of finding joys at his own door. He has the richest field of them that is offered. City pleasures cloy, but the delight of the fields is always his if he will but look with sympathy and understanding. Give back to us the wild beauty of our waysides.

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The New Dietary Theory

IT SEEMS probable that within the next half-century there will be a considerable lengthening of the average human life. What to eat and when and how to eat it is probably the most important question connected with the science of living. The table is a centre of many comforts and pleasures, and if we can make it also a source of longevity its importance will mightily expand while its fascination will give to each meal something hitherto unknown among trencher delights. This surely is worth striving for.

All our lives the doctors have been telling us that we must not eat heartily in the evening. At present, however, the theory is gaining ground that the final meal of the day should be the chief one; that during the period of physical or mental labor the stomach should not be called upon to undergo the strain of digestion. This would seem to be very true in the case of persons who use the brain to excess, especially professional men, as during the process of intense thinking the blood is drawn away from the stomach to fortify the brain and other nerve centres.

But even in the case of ordinary laborers it is probable that light meals of very digestible diet would be best during the working day if the evening repast could be liberal in both quantity and quality. Probably some inconvenience would arise if the change were made from three hearty feedings to one; but in the long run the wholesome practice would be accepted by the system, and after a generation or two a great gain would be apparent.

To people of sedentary habit, who find their digestion impaired, it is of utmost importance to find out a way by which the brain and the stomach can be kept on friendly working terms. The industrious brain-worker rises early, eats a hearty breakfast, and immediately goes to his labor. About the middle of the day another liberal meal is devoured and again he goes to work. Then after the day's toil is over and a third mental struggle has been gone through he blames the last meal for his nightmare, his insomnia, and his nervous stomach. The real trouble is that the hard-worked brain has burned up the power which should have gone to the digestive centre.

It would be interesting and instructive if a considerable number of brain-workers would try the experiment of doing their tasks on a very light breakfast and a still lighter luncheon, closing the day with a hearty meal of the best viands and wholesomest accessories, and report results. Of course the trial should extend over a period long enough to make a habit of the new dietary system, otherwise there would be no true test.

The mere taking of a principal meal in the evening is not sufficient; the other two repasts must be cut down to the slenderest and simplest proportions, so that in fact there is really but one meal a day, and that a liberal dinner of the most life-giving food, after which there must be no work, and bedtime must come early. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

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A family is better judged by what it reads than by what it eats.

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The First Business of a Wife

HOW many wives are business women?

Not "business women" in the sense of being busy in merchandising or busy in other commercial pursuits, but business women endowed with that sense of thrift which, if not directed toward the earning of money, is or may be directed toward providing for themselves and those dependent upon them? To be somewhat more explicit, it might be asked how many wives, with husbands of more or less income or property, have secured from their husbands comfortable provision for themselves and their children in the event of failure, sickness or death removing that upon which they now depend?

Very many husbands, possessing no property, have salaries of such amount that wives could easily save from them in the course of a few years of prosperity an ample competence and a home for themselves and their children, if the bread-winners should lose their positions or be removed from their work by sickness or death.

As a rule, these husbands are thoughtless or careless, or they are fearful that they will be considered mean and close, and they live up to their full earnings, making no provision for the future except perhaps a small amount of life insurance. How many wives of such husbands are sufficiently business women to advise against this improvident vanity, this unwise liberality, this costly carelessness, and use their influence in securing a reserve fund for all possible emergencies?

Again, many men of ample means and extensive business interests do not wish to trouble their wives about their business affairs, and the wives, so long as there is property in sight and money coming in to meet current expenses, ask no questions. If failure or death should come, necessitating a settlement of the business and a liquidation, these same wives may be rudely and cruelly brought face to face with conditions which they have never imagined could exist, and thrown upon their own resources to care for themselves and their children as best they may.

What that best is the hundreds of struggling widows in this country to-day and every day are best able to tell. There is not a community in this entire country in which there are not women keeping boarding-houses, staying in stores and offices, working in all kinds of positions, matrons and maids delicately nurtured, who would not thus be dependent upon their daily labor for bare sustenance had the proper provision been made when such provision could and should have been made.

There should be a law, if that were possible, to compel husbands of means to set aside yearly, out of their earnings or their holdings, a prescribed amount—a fair ratio to the whole—as a permanent fund beyond the reach of creditors—with the State as trustee, possibly—for the benefit of their wives and children. As there is no such law, it is the duty of wives to use their gentler compelling influence upon their husbands to do this act of common justice to those to whom they are under the greatest of all human obligations. No man has the right, when he has the ability, to refuse or to neglect to provide for his own against the time when he may no longer have the ability, and those who are the nearest to him will be compelled to bear grievous burdens that he has willfully placed upon them.

It would scarcely be fair to censure wives who are suffering now because they were careless when they should have been cautious, for there are many wives who would have provided homes and small livings for themselves out of their times of plenty had their husbands given them the opportunity.

There are many instances of proper provision being made by husbands for their families against the "rainy day," but the custom grows much more slowly than it should, or than it will, until wives take concerted and systematic action in the direction of public sentiment and the enactment of legislation, if necessary, for that protection which is a husband's first duty to his family. —WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

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It is foolish to get discouraged because reform in a single term does not correct the errors of generations. Like everything else, reform must have time.

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The Greatness of Simplicity

SIMPLICITY is the elimination of the non-essential in all things. It reduces life to its minimum of real needs; raises it to its maximum of power. Simplicity means the survival,—not of the fittest, but of the best. In morals it kills the weeds of vice and weakness so that the flowers of virtue and strength may have room to grow. Simplicity cuts off waste and intensifies concentration. It converts flickering torches into searchlights.

All great truths are simple. The essence of Christianity could be given in a few words; a lifetime would be but continued seeking to make those words real and living in thoughts and acts. The true Christian's individual belief is always simpler than his church creed, and upon these vital elements he builds his life. His simple faith he lives,—in thought and word and act. Like the lark, he lives nearest the ground; like the lark, he soars highest toward heaven.

If the mind and heart of the preacher were really thrilled with the greatness and simplicity of religion, he would, week by week, apply the ringing truths of his faith to the vital problems of daily living. The test of a strong, simple sermon is results,—not the Sunday praise of his auditors, but their bettered lives during the week. People who pray on their knees on Sunday and prey on their neighbors on Monday, need simplicity in their faith.

No character can be simple unless it is based on truth,—unless it is lived in harmony with one's own conscience and ideals. Simplicity is the pure white light of a life lived from within. It is destroyed by any attempt to live in harmony with public opinion. Public opinion is a conscience owned by a syndicate. Adjusting life to one's own ideals is the royal road to simplicity.

Nature, in all her revelations, seeks to teach man the greatness of simplicity. Health is but the living of a physical life in harmony with a few simple, clearly defined laws. Simple food, simple exercise, simple precautions will work wonders. But man grows tired of the simple things, he yields to subtle temptations in eating and drinking, listens to his palate instead of to Nature,—and he suffers. He then dines with dyspepsia, and sits like a child at his own bounteous table,—forced to eat only the simple food that he scorned.

Simplicity is the characteristic that is most difficult to simulate. The signature that is most difficult to imitate is the one that is most simple, most individual and most free from flourishes. The banknote that is the most difficult to counterfeit successfully is the one that contains the fewest lines and has the least intricate detail.

Simplicity in act is the outward expression of simplicity in thought. Men who carry on their shoulders the fate of a nation are quiet, modest, unassuming. They are often made gentle, calm and simple by the discipline of their responsibility. They have no room in their minds for the pettiness of personal vanity. It is ever the drum-major who grows pompous when he thinks that the whole world is watching him as he marches at the head of the procession. The great general is simple and unaffected as a child.

To true simplicity, to perceive a truth is to begin to live it; to see a duty is to begin to do it. Nothing great can ever enter into the mind of a man of simplicity and remain merely a theory. Simplicity in a character is like the needle of a compass,—it knows only one point, its North, its ideal.

Let us seek to cultivate this simplicity in all things in our life. The first step toward simplicity is,—simplifying. The beginning of mental or moral progress or reform is always,—renunciation or sacrifice. It is surrender or destruction of those phases of life that have kept us from higher things. Reform your diet and you simplify it; make your speech truer and higher and you simplify it; reform your morals and you begin to cut off your immorals. Make simplicity the keynote of your life and you will be great, no matter though your life be humble and your influence seem but little.

Simplicity is never to be associated with weakness and ignorance. It means reducing tons of ore to nuggets of gold. It means the light of fullest knowledge; it means that the individual has seen the folly and the nothingness of those things that make up the sum of the life of others. He has lived *down* what others are blindly seeking to live *up* to. Simplicity is the sun of a self-centred and pure life.

—WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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It has certainly been a great war when there are enough heroes for the politics of the country.

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Education and Dollars

AT A DINNER that Mr. C. P. Huntington gave, in May, to some railroad men in San Francisco he told his guests that he feared too many of the young men of the country were spending too much time in school. He spoke with concern of young men with college educations who were standing around waiting for something that will never come because the work nearest to hand was not to their liking.

The modern college graduate is usually a modest creature with few illusions about what he is fit for, and very little inclined to stand waiting for suitable employment to seek him out. He has to jump in and find a job, and usually he loses no time in doing so. It is true, as Mr. Huntington says, that the years between fifteen and twenty-one are of great value. They should not be wasted. But while there is danger that lads who spend these years in college may find themselves somewhat behind when they start as new graduates to make their living, there is a counter-risk that the lad who devotes himself to business too early may become too soon a specialist in a limited field, and may know a particular kind of business, and very little besides. It is hard at first for a young college graduate who finds employment in business to make up for the lack of the business training which he might have acquired in the years he spent at college. That it is not too hard, however, is shown by the number of college-bred men who succeed in almost every calling.

What is vastly more difficult is for the successful man of business, who went early into business and kept at it, to make up for the five or six years he didn't spend in acquiring general education while he was still young. Able men of limited education who have succeeded in business commonly miss the education and the associations which they didn't get while they were young, and try to make sure that their sons acquire them. They know that they are valuable. As for themselves, they do well to stick to business, for to be eminently successful at money-making is one of the few employments in which a rich man of limited education can hope to find entertainment. The degree of commercial success which will be fairly satisfactory to an educated man does not open to a less educated man the same opportunities of enjoyment. It is one of the great advantages of education that by bringing a lot of cheap, durable, intellectual pleasures within its possessor's reach it relieves him of the need of becoming excessively rich. It also helps his social standing, and social position is a thing that is valued, and which often proves very expensive to persons who have to buy an outfit of it late in life for cash.

Dollars are comparatively scarce in the world, and while there is enough of them to go around after a fashion, there is not enough to give to each person anything like as many as he wants. But satisfaction is pretty scarce also, and is at least as hard to secure as dollars. If the years spent in pursuit of education increase the farmer's chances of getting satisfaction out of life, they are profitably spent, even though they leave him somewhat behind in the race for dollars. For dollars and contentment are not synonymous terms, and the man who can combine few dollars with intelligent contentment is obviously better off than the man who, having more dollars than he can use, finds that the only employment which is really congenial to him is accumulating more.

It is more profitable to spend some time in youth in cramming the mind with knowledge not immediately useful, than to be compelled for lack of other resources to spend one's old age cramming one's pockets with money that one does not want. —E. S. MARTIN.

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Closing the churches and the school-yards in summer is a good way to keep those who need them most away in the winter.

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The Awakening of the West

ONCE more the great West is awake. The years of idleness and depression that followed inevitably upon the unnatural booms of a few years ago have given way to a healthiness of growth and development that will yet make of the trans-Mississippi section the empire that Napoleon predicted when he threw down his pen after signing the Louisiana treaty.

Mines that had been filled with water for many a month have been pumped out and are in operation again. Mills that had been idle are once more humming with machinery and alive with the men and women who are making their new livings there. Towns that had lost all hope are awake. Men who thought ten years ago that the West was dead are seeing a return of the old times, with none of the inflation that caused all of the trouble in the late eighties and the early nineties.

Lands in Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and every other Western State are in demand at prices that are pleasing to the holders, who have been grudging paying taxes with no return for a good many years. Farmers who have been disgusted and discouraged in turn are beginning to find life worth living.

In looking about for a reason for the changed conditions, there are those who say that the prosperity of the West is due to the war with Spain—the demand for superfluous men, the demand for food products and for the other necessities of an active campaign with a large Army. The best authorities admit no such thing, however. The revival of industry in the West is attributed solely to the fact that the depression was unnatural, resulting, in its turn, from an unnatural boom ten or fifteen years ago.

Just as soon as a section, rich in all of the elements in the bestowal of a kindly Nature, had recovered from the effects of a foolish fever of speculation, prosperity was with it again. The West and the East, as well as the North and the South, are together for prosperity and advancement, for continued unity and national greatness. —HOMER BASSFORD.

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A great trouble with some farmers is that they spend too much time cultivating the field of politics, where the workers are many and the harvests are few and the bosses get all the grain.

Washington is the shadiest city in the world, and just now it is a sylvan paradise. By the last report of the Park Commission there were 87,000 trees in the streets of the Capital, and since then more than 5000 have been planted, so that the total is now about 92,000. This number does not include those in the parks, or any outside of what is known as the Boundary—that semicircle which surrounds the original site of Washington as plotted by Major L'Enfant, the French engineer, who served as aide-de-camp to Washington.

Formerly, when the spectator looked down from the Capitol dome upon the city he saw an area of gray slate roofs and red brick walls, and that is what he still sees in winter, but in summer all but the tallest buildings and spires are obscured, and they emerge from a mass of luxuriant foliage.

Within the city limits are 540 acres of little parks full of trees, and they are scattered at irregular intervals throughout the entire area, but within the city limits. Nearly all the trees were set out. When the city was laid out there were a few fine oaks and elms, chiefly around the White House and the Capitol, most of which have been preserved. Early in the century President Jefferson, who was fond of trees, planted rows of Lombardy poplars along Pennsylvania Avenue, but they did not thrive. It was not until Governor Shepherd's time, in 1871, that a serious effort was made to beautify the Capital. At that time a Park Commission was appointed, and money was appropriated in liberal amounts, with the result one now sees.

The trees are furnished by the Government, and are cared for by a Commission consisting of Mr. Smith, the Army engineer in charge of public buildings and grounds, the Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens, and Mr. Saunders, the botanist of the Agricultural Department. These gentlemen have a large staff under their direction, and are autocrats so far as the foliage of the city is concerned. No citizen is allowed to touch the trees in front of his own house. They are selected, planted and cared for by the Commission.

If a householder has any complaint to make he may file it in writing. Suggestions are politely received, provided they do not interfere with general plans and regulations

In Washington all the front yards belong to the Government. There is a strip of lawn in nearly every street between the building line and the sidewalk that is called parking, and it exists because in plotting the city the streets were made wider than necessary, and thus, to add to the beauty and economize in the expense of paving, it was left vacant. In some of the streets it is forty feet wide, and it is seldom less than twenty. The owners of the abutting property may fence it in and plant it to flowers or turf. They are required to keep it in good order, but the Park Commission looks after the trees, and follows a regular system.

There are between twenty-five and thirty different varieties of trees in the streets of Washington, not including the rare varieties that are found in the parks and public squares. Each street has its own kind of tree. On one may be found maples, on others oaks, elms, lindens, and various varieties planted with a view to beauty and uniformity. The employees of the Park Commission keep them neatly trimmed, and when they show signs of decay they are removed and new ones are substituted.

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Mr. Juan Ruano, the new Secretary of the Spanish Embassy, is the son of one of the most distinguished authors and ethnologists of Spain—a gentleman of the same name, who has written the most valuable work ever published upon the industrial arts of the Moors and the Spaniards.

Mr. Ruano, senior, made the collection of Spanish works of art in the South Kensington Museum in London, and has a very remarkable collection of his own at his country residence near Granada. Mrs. Ruano, the mother of the young secretary, is a woman of literary culture and refinement, and is well known in the most exclusive circles of London and Paris as well as in her own country. Young Mr. Ruano has for several years been an attaché of the Spanish Embassy in London, and his promotion to Secretary of Legation in the United States is a well-deserved acknowledgment of his services.

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One of the ladies of the Cabinet made a remarkable mistake the other day. She gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. McKinley, and invited Mrs. Hobart and all of the ladies of the Cabinet except one. When the party had assembled on the day appointed, the hostess looked around over the group and remarked:

"We are all here, so I think we had better go to the table."

"Mrs. Blank hasn't come yet," said one of the guests quietly, whereupon the hostess threw up her hands and exclaimed

"Merciful Heavens! I forgot to invite her. How could I have been guilty of such inexcusable rudeness!"

Whereupon she rushed to the telephone, called up the missing lady, made an hysterical explanation, and begged her as a token of pardon to come down immediately just as she was, and join the party. The slighted lady, however, declined; she was not feeling well, she was not dressed, and there were several other reasons why she could not come

"I don't know how it happened," said the hostess. "I simply forgot her.'

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There are more widows and unmarried women in Washington than in any other city of equal population in the world. This is due to the employment of several thousand women in the executive departments, and also to the fact that Washington is the favorite place of residence for the widows of Army and Navy officers. Many other widows of means are attracted to the Capital because of the climate and the social advantage for themselves, and the educational advantages for their children.

There are no manufactories in the city. The people are generally educated, cultured and orderly, and one never hears of disturbances upon the streets. It is as safe for a woman to go anywhere alone after dark as it is in the day time. They need no escorts to theatres or churches, or to the houses of their friends, and they do not hesitate to go upon the sidewalks or in the street cars alone

The last census showed that there were in Washington 109,584 men and 120,808 women, which is remarkable, because there are usually more men than women in large cities. The reverse is the case in smaller towns and villages In Chicago, for example, by the last census, there were 568,402 men and 531,448 women. In other cities which are about the size of Washington, like San Francisco, there were 169,800 men and 129,197 women; in Detroit there were 104,298 men and 104,578 women, and in Buffalo 128,884 men and 126,780 women.

The number of widows in Washington is also out of proportion to the population, there being 13,929 widows, and only 3376 widowers. There are 146 divorced men and 314 divorced women in the city.

This table shows a comparison in this respect between several cities of a population about that of Washington

	Widows	Divorced Women
Washington	13,929	314
Cleveland	9,019	373
Buffalo	9,341	118
Detroit	7,516	298
Pittsburg	7,868	116

In the larger cities New York has 68,479 widows and 567 divorced women. Chicago has 34,629 widows and 1073 divorced women; Philadelphia has 51,761 widows and 718 divorced women, while St. Louis has only 20,484 widows, but 554 divorced women—almost as many as New York.

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During the President's visit to the Hot Springs of Virginia he drove with Mrs. McKinley to one of the little resorts in the vicinity, where he registered modestly as William McKinley and wife. Shortly after the President had entered his name on the register a young lady of fashionable mien approached the desk and wrote in a bold hand under it, "Miss Blank, Washington, D. C.

"What have you done? What have you done?" cried the clerk in a distressed tone as she laid down the pen.

"What do you mean?" asked the girl innocently; "I've done nothing but write my name."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but you have written it directly under the President's signature, and we had intended to frame that page."

"'Whither he goes I go,' then," gayly quoted the young person from Washington, who was so merry and so pretty withal that she was readily forgiven for spoiling the page.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I should like to shake hands with Vance Thompson for his Price of a Million. In all of the good articles I have not found one in which there was so much meat as is to be found in your last issue. I am college-bred; so is my wife. I am also poor, and the consensus of opinion seems to point us to one conclusion—viz., save, skimp, and deprive ourselves of the enjoyment of tastes formed, acquired and developed during our association with college people, by foregoing the pleasure of—what? Well, lectures, books, current literature, music, and fellowship and social communion with people whose friendship we formed during our academic days, and all this for what? *Get wealth*, and then—— Well, the argument is that wealth brings these things. Observation, study and judgment say No. Youth, enthusiasm and the fine, virgin appreciation of higher things come but once, and if not improved, cultured and developed they grow, as you say, "atrophied," and no amount of influence or wealth can bring them back, and the person who tries to revive his early memories finds as much pleasure in them does grandma when she tries to enthuse over a dish of ice cream, forgetting that childhood tastes and ideals are outgrown.

One thought in that connection which I should like to emphasize is the error which works injury to the innocent I have three rosy, healthy, keen-witted children, also a wife ditto. The first six or seven years of their lives are the years in which are formed impressions which all after-life will not obliterate. If we indulge ourselves in attendance upon lectures and concerts, buy books, keep abreast of the times on current literature, art and music, the parental influence, as well as the positive and constant influence on our growing children, cannot be measured except by comparison with what their lives would be denied of these things until we had acquired wealth, and in the proceeding we both grow old and rusty, and when our wealth is applied to our children they are educated *away from us*, whereas in the first instance we preserve our youth, and are companions and playmates with our children

I know whereof I speak, for we have been married six years. We both look as young as when we were married and we enter into the appreciation of all these good things of life with as much zest and enthusiasm, and our children are considered precocious, and I am satisfied that, although I may not be able to leave them $100,000, or even a tenth as much apiece, they will inherit a legacy which will be priceless and of far more value to them, besides having enjoyed, ourselves in a healthy way, the blessings which God so bountifully spreads for us. Thus we may get *wealth* if not *gold* out of our lives

San Francisco. [illegible]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

In a former Post stood forth a lament that our heroes of the past war had cast away their laurels and rushed into print. At the time, the article seemed justifiable.

It has been the custom for these men of action to retail the tales of battle for friends at home, to let loose an incident now and then through the columns of a newspaper, to live in the hearts of the people, though hiding behind the mystery which lay in their own hearts on the great day and prompted them to action.

Later they have succumbed to manifold entreaties, and there appear reminiscences and articles, all excellent reading, and for no consideration to be lost to us

But what of their accuracy? Immediately arise disputes Too much time has elapsed, and so full a life has overcrowded the memory, until we must say, often, "These are good reading, but not history." Thus is lost the value of the best witness.

Shall we not, then, be glad that our latest commanders have put down *facts*, and that the glow of freshness is still in the story? Besides, who shall say that the Merrimac's young commander has not, by his straightforward narrative, won back in great measure the esteem that many papers tried to lose to him?

Newspaperdom is the great sounding-board back of the human stage, and, reflecting everything that is said, it gives out evil as well as good. So must a man often speak for himself in the interest of his good repute. Very respectfully yours,

Frankford, Philadelphia. CHARLES O. BOND.

THE DIARY OF A WEAKLING

No. 1—The Course of True Love

BY BARRY PAIN

BUT little progress this month, I am afraid.

And yet it seemed so promising at one time Saturday afternoon—the first Saturday—was fine, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to run down and see Miss Halloner and her mother. Assiduity in courtship is a great thing. I saw no reason for stopping away in the fact that neither Miss Halloner nor her mother ever appeared particularly glad to see me.

In Miss Halloner's case, it is naturally a sort of shyness: she feels that she must conceal her real sentiments. Undoubtedly, too, her mother has much the same delicacy; she does not wish to appear to be forcing her daughter on any man, however desirable he may be as a husband. I can see through a thing of that kind pretty well, I think. So I said to myself, "Stick to it, Lionel; stick to it."

There was a very unpleasant and noisy crowd at Waterloo Station. The railway carriage was packed, and I was not sorry that my journey was short—a matter of fifteen minutes. It is astonishing how much rudeness and vulgarity there is about. For instance, I have a slight tendency—inherited—to what might be called *embonpoint*. The other clerks at the office have in consequence given me some silly nickname. The allusion to—to that feature—is in bad enough taste in them, but for an absolute stranger in a railway carriage to ask me if I wouldn't put it up in the rack is positively inexcusable. I said coldly, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance," at which the fool laughed heartily. But any unpleasantness on the journey was more than made up for by the warmth of my reception.

"This is good of you!" said Mrs. Halloner. "We're so glad you've come!" said her daughter.

I was quite surprised. Never before had the prospect of Miss Halloner becoming Mrs. Hicks appeared so roseate.

"We've quite a little occupation for you."

"I am ready for anything under the sun," I replied.

"That is good of you," said Grace. "The fact is, that the Batesons have lent us their lawn mower, and, as it's Saturday afternoon, we can't get a man to push it. I thought I should have to do it myself."

"I could never permit that," I said decidedly.

"Thanks, so much. We must have the lawn mowed today. It won't take you more than an hour or so. You'd like to begin at once, wouldn't you? The machine is all ready on the lawn. Come along, and I'll show you."

I did not at all like the looks of the machine, and I said so.

"I'm afraid there's some mistake here," I said. "This is a two-man machine

"The Batesons' gardener is sixty-five, and works it easily."

"Oh!" I said. "He'll put that strain on himself once too often. However, I'm a younger man. I don't suppose a three man machine would be too much for me."

"No? Well, you can't work it like that. Take your hat and coat off." I took off my coat, but said that I would retain my silk hat, as there was absolutely no shade.

"But you're ready for anything under the sun. You said so." Considering all that I was doing—or was about to do for her—that remark seemed to me a little uncalled for

I got the machine along slowly for about fifteen feet, and then paused to ask if it had been oiled.

"Yes," said Miss Halloner; "it will go more easily when you have run it up and down once or twice."

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I pushed it along a few yards farther, and then paused to say that I could not help admiring those poppies.

"Look here," said Miss Halloner, "I can see my chattering interrupts you. I'll go up to the house. You must come up for a cup of tea when you've finished."

She would not listen to my protests, but ran off laughing. I then went to work seriously.

I took the machine the whole length of the lawn and back again, with occasional rests. I suffered considerably from shortness of breath. It was a fool's game, and I am no fool

Mind, I was sorry for the Batesons. I have always heard that they are nice people. Still there was only one way out for a man of tact. I took one of those iron rods that gardeners use for tying up their plants, and put the end of it between the two cogs. Then I gave the machine three short, sharp jerks. The third did it. I put the iron rod back again in its place, and went up to the house.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but the lawn-mower has broken down. I was running it merrily along when something went snap."

"I'll go and look at it," said Miss Halloner. She seemed angry. She seemed still more angry when she came back In the interval her mother had limited her conversation to telling me how annoyed the Batesons would be

"Why," said Miss Halloner to me very quietly, "didn't you tell me that you couldn't do it? Then I would have done it myself. There was no need to break the chain of the machine, and to cause us a great deal of unpleasantness."

"No one," I began, "could possibly be——"

And then, somewhat rudely, as I thought, she interrupted me: "However, we must not waste the whole of your splendid afternoon."

"How can the afternoon be wasted which is spent with——

"Besides, mamma and I have visits that we must pay. We shall go to the Batesons' first. So kind of you to have come. We'll write when we have an afternoon free."

She promised to write and tell me when they would see me again. Yet I have never had one single line.

No, there has been but little progress. And if my patience is tried just a shade too much, I am the kind of man who is quite capable of breaking a thing off short. Miss Halloner may find that out yet. We shall see.

The Circle of a Century

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON

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PART ONE

In Old New York

Chapter IV

MRS. WARRINER'S household had never found their mistress more hard to please than on the day succeeding her kettledrum. Lucilla had slept ill, awakened late, gone out for an early airing in her sedan-chair; had refused to see inquiring friends, and been pettish with her mamma

When, at three o'clock, dinner was announced, the lady was in her joseph with her hair down about her ears, reading a book of poems, and declining all food save a cup of Bohea and two little tarts of the variety known as maids of honor, in the construction of which Mrs. Warriner's cook was not excelled. This light refection was served in her own room and immediately afterward Madam Chester announced (through the keyhole, for the tiff between the two ladies was still on) that, since her daughter preferred to keep herself so close, she presumed there was no objection to her taking the chariot and pair for the remainder of the day

"None whatever," said Lucilla, opening the door far enough to exhibit the tip of her little nose. "I had not intended going out, and I hope you will enjoy your drive."

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"And find my child in a better temper when I come back from it!" supplemented the dowager, briskly. "I'll vow, Lucilla, you are growing more like your poor father every day. Surely it was not from me that you got this habit of seeking your own convenience, and not allowing any one around you to say their soul's their own——"

"Will you not tell me this, too, when you come back, mamma?" asked Lucilla, angelically meek, but still holding the door on the chink, and determined not to yield it, at the risk of an hour-long lecture

"Lucilla, you are sadly wanting in the respect due a parent. But if you will just let me tell you about that chit of a laundry-maid of yours, whom I caught flirting with the footman——"

"When you come back, mamma," persisted the lady of the house.

Madam Chester flounced off in a pet, which, however, disappeared as by magic when she found herself installed upon the brocaded cushions of the chariot, with a coachman in front and two footmen at her back. What would the Albany people who had known her in her pinched days say, could they see her now? And as luck had it, no sooner did the shining carriage with its champing bays and stately servitors turn into the Bowery Road, and while Madam was in the act of bowing and smiling to many another private equipage as fine, than she espied a lady from her native city, gazing at her from the shabby depths of a hackney coach, wherein the stranger was well content to view the fashionable drive.

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Then, who so radiant, so condescending, as the Widow Warriner's mamma? Madam Chester, settling her hood and tippet, called to the coachman to go slow, following up her first bow to her old acquaintance by a series of nods, whenever the hackney coach, taking heart of grace, ventured to move up and be abreast the grander vehicle. The only drawback to the dowager's now complete satisfaction was the fact that she could not fully distinguish the expression of the Albany dame's countenance without putting on the huge silver-rimmed distance spectacles that had been imported for her from London. In those days a self-respecting woman who was getting along in life preferred to be blind in public, rather than disfigure her appearance by such a pair of frights

But, all told, one lady from Albany impressed by the splendor of another, resident in New York, could not entirely dissipate the cares attendant upon Madam Chester's position as owner and chaperon of the chief toast and richest heiress of the time. She could not help associating her daughter's whimsical humor of to-day with some complication arising from one of the troublesome sex. And the mere hint of such a thing gave her an agitating pang

With all the strength of her dominating nature the mother had tried to disincline her child to a second venture in matrimony. In this she was at least consistent, since 'twas well known in Albany circles how Madam Chester had herself refused the Rev. Dr. Kershaw, a suitor of her girlhood's days, who had wooed her twice within the year after Mr. Chester's demise; not to speak of others, less impassioned than the divine

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No! Madam Chester was, and had long been, out of conceit of the married state for women! Let all who wished a yoke put their heads into it. The constant presence in the house of an imperative, unreasonable, illogical, irritable masculine, sanctioned by Providence to thwart, cross, contradict and peck at the so-called partner of his privileges, had been experienced once by Lucilla and herself. That should suffice. To her mind, Lucilla's present position, brilliant, free as air, surrounded, fêted, flattered and on the very top of the social wave, was not to be exchanged for any other so far in sight

The risk was that her child would let herself be cajoled or gossiped into a change of state. Madam Chester had no patience with that universal hue and cry about whom a widow will take next, directly her black is lightened. In order to keep Lucilla's thoughts composed on this subject, had not she made a point of resurrecting the late Mr. Warriner—keeping him and his edicts continually before the household and its mistress? Really, one would think it was she, not Lucilla, who systematically mourned the departed! Something in Lucilla's manner yesterday, during and after the kettledrum, had excited her alarm. Of all the men present there were but two for whom those blushes, that girlish tremor—ill concealed from her mother—could have been assumed. Which of these two was it?

Not Arnold Warriner, Madam Chester hoped and prayed The mere fact that he was to inherit the estate in the event of Lucilla's death made the mother inimical to him. She [illegible] And [illegible] know [illegible] but [illegible] of a smooth, specious fellow for plotting and planning for his own advancement.

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Besides—last, not least—had not Warriner always coolly ignored the dowager, and once trodden upon her spaniel's toe?

There was no assurance that Lucilla really favored him. She was so very outspoken in his praise, and let him attend her everywhere. Was there not more danger in the direction of Captain Laurence Hope?

Of all the offensive class of eligible young men, Madam Chester had least fault to find with Hope.

Once, long ago, there had been a ball, when Mr. Christopher Hope, Laurence's father, had declared her to be the most bewitching minikin in the room. . . . "Bewitching minikin!" She had worn her pink tabbinet . . . and afterward, at the supper, he had pledged her in a glass of Constantia wine. People began to say but it ended there!

Next year he had married Laurence's mother, and she had remained single for three years longer. She always maintained Mr. Christopher Hope to be the finest beau of his day Now, he was old and poor and a cripple in his chair, and his wife had gone all to pieces in her looks. Much better that things had turned out as they did; but still, Madam Chester would always remember "Bewitching minikin!"

Laurence Hope was certainly handsome as a picture, and better than the rest of her child's hangers-on. If it were he for whom Lucilla had blushed and palpitated, Madam Chester might even partially condone the folly; but it would never do to encourage him too far. The Hopes were as poor as church mice, a family of "has-beens," on the verge of ruin. It would be really nothing of a match should Lucilla—but of course Lucilla wouldn't. Madam Chester settled that

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Thus scheming, speculating, dreaming old dreams and casting horoscopes for the confusion of young men, the dowager rolled on her way through the pleasant rural countryside along what is now Third Avenue, crossing Murray Hill on the line of Lexington Avenue, and bearing westward to McGowan's Pass, now the upper end of Central Park.

Here, on such a day of jocund spring, met and crossed and overtook each other the equipages of men and women of first distinction in the temporary seat of government

The President, out behind six horses, acknowledged all salutations with a courtly bow. The Vice-President and Mrs Adams had driven over from their seat at Richmond Hill, near Lispenard's Meadows, where Varick and Charlton Streets now intersect.

There were the Secretary of War and jolly, portly Mrs. Knox, whose brusque speeches and original doings were quoted and gossiped about everywhere; Sir William Temple beside his lady, *née* Bowdoin, of Boston, one of the chief dinner-givers of the town, the Secretary and Mrs. Jay, whose still existing supper-list records the fine flower of that society; Colonel Alexander Hamilton with his spouse, who joined to the graces all the candor and simplicity of the American wife, said M. Brissot de Warville; Mrs. Peter van Brugh Livingston, the Livingstons of Clermont and Queen Street, the New Jersey Livingstons, M. and Madame de la Forest, the Clintons, Duanes, Izards, Bayards, Keans, Van Zandts, Van Rensselaers, Gerrys, Langdons, Edgars, McCombs, Kings, Clarksons, Varicks, Bishop Provost and wife, Whites, Beekmans, Ludlows, Bards, Rutherfurds, Van Cortlandts, Montgomerys, Lynches, Fishes—a goodly company, a representative or two of each of which families always helped to swell society's tide.

Among the titled ladies of the Republican Court, besides Lady Temple, were the widowed Lady Sterling, her daughter, Lady Mary Watts, and the more famous and fascinating Lady Kitty Duer.

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Lady Kitty had been ten years married to Colonel William Duer, but her charm and vogue were not in the least exhausted in the estimation of her townspeople. Only the year before she had played muntering angel to Baron Steuben, when that hero and Secretary Jay were both wounded by stones thrown in the people's riot against the New York medicos. Whenever Lady Kitty went abroad all eyes followed her with pride.

Lady Christina Griffen took the air beside her dignified husband, the President of the Congress. The Spanish Minister, d'Yrujo, was away, but the Marquis de Moustier, who wore earrings and red-heeled shoes, sat with Mme. de Bréhan, opposite that lady's black page, who nursed her monkey on his knees. The Dutch envoy, M. Berckel, brought his pretty daughter, one of the season's belles. Young Frank Berckel was seen, perched upon the box of a mail phaeton so high as to have been caricatured in public print. There was extant a representation of the passage beneath it of a low pony-trap belonging to the good physician, Dr. John Charlton, long familiar to the public eye in his red coat and cocked hat, accompanied by his aged negro groom.

Among the other notabilities whose appearance made memorable a May drive in 1789 were Chancellor Livingston, Burr, Steuben, Brissot de Warville, Gardoqui, Richard Henry Lee, Arthur Lee, General Henry Lee, Schuyler Mason, Fisher Ames, Butler, Armstrong, De Peyster, Walton, Cadwalader, Richard Harison, Alsop, Rutledge, Edmund Randolph—many a giant in debate and master of statecraft who helped to make our nation what it is. Match me this gathering in Central Park or Riverside Drive to day!

On and on, serene in her borrowed plumage, passed Madam Chester. So exhilarated was she by good company, fine clothes and dazzling sunshine, it never occurred to her to notice that from the cortège of golden youth deployed around her were missing both Arnold Warriner and Laurence Hope.

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No sooner had Lucilla's horses and their burden trotted away from her front door than that languid lady sprang from her easy-chair, ran to the windows, pulled back the chintz curtains and rang for her maids

Her hair dressed over a beautiful crape cushion, quick as she could set her slow-moving ebon damsels into action, open flew drawers and wardrobes, till the room was strewn with gowns and falbalas, successively presented for approbation to their owner.

In vain did Saba and Myrtilla hold out the choicest treasures of her wearing apparel. Petticoat and paduasoy, tuckers, frills and neckerchiefs failed to attract. She would not even smile upon her new lustring the color of a pigeon's neck, shot with rose and lavender and blue, like gleams of dawn in an early morning sky—the one mamma had said Mr. Warriner would not approve of till after the sixth of June, when the two calendar years of her mourning would have expired. But Lucilla did not discard this because it was too gay. The sad fact was, she wanted *something* gayer.

"Look, Myrtilla, on the top shelf in the north cupboard," said the widow finally, endeavoring to subdue the faint tremble of exultation in her voice. "You will find there a pale blue sarsenet. 'Tis of the fashion of two years back, and I dare say I shall look a barbarous fright in it. But I've a mind to try whether—" here she paused and invented a daring flight—"whether I've grown stout in growing old."

Cunning Lucilla! Well she knew that the girlish outlines of her rounded form had but taken on more stately beauty since her emancipation.

"Mistis looks lovely in blue," said Myrtilla presently. "If Mistis was to put on her new neckerchief of satin-striped gauze! Run, Saba! what you mean by staring, child? Run fetch Mistis' box of neckerchiefs. There, now, I 'clare to gracious, it's too pretty for anything! Wouldn't think Mistis was over eighteen, to look at her. What flowers for the belt, Mistis? That bunch o' white star-flowers that came yesterday with a gentleman's card tied on to it? Mistis took the card and put it in her lacquer cabinet. The flowers are fresh, Mistis took such good care of 'em."

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"It is not your business to know what I do with things, Myrtilla," flashed out the lady sharply. "But you may bring me the nosegay of which you speak. I believe I left it on the stand in my dressing-room by the open window."

"Found one of them posies under her pillow when I made her bed," whispered Myrtilla to Saba, as she passed that handmaiden by. "Reckon Mistis thinks a heap more of 'em than she's willing to let on"

With all their warm color-loving natures, the black damsels had enjoyed the fairy-tale of their lady's translation into gay young life. The whole household flourished and waxed

Once, long ago, there had been a ball, when Mr. Christopher Hope, Laurence's father, had declared her to be the most bewitching minikin in the room

Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of June 10.

fat in these days of generous living, abundant company and interchange with the social world. But the two ladies'-maids had about made up their minds that it was time Mistis was letting the sentimental element take possession of her life. Eagerly they now watched for straws to show which way the wind blew!

And at last Lucilla stands before her toilet, surveying her image in a round mirror surmounted by a gilded swan! From the darkling depths smiles back at her a vision of perfected womanhood! The blue sarsenet, whatever its deficiencies in mode, was delightfully becoming. From the soft folds of Italian gauze crossed over her bust rose a throat white as cream, and above, a rosy, happy face. In her belt, close to the beatings of her heart, nestled a bunch of white narcissus. But something was yet lacking.

"Quick, Myrtilla! My patch box—though I shall wear only one to-day."

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The black atom, moistened upon the tip of her tongue, was for some time poised on her finger at a little distance from her face. Whether to place it on chin or cheek, that was the question. In the end, she remembered what the Book of the Toylet said: "A beauty spot upon the temple giveth a sedate air," and, with a sigh, clapped the tiny thing above her left eyebrow.

"Now, Myrtilla, since I am tired of trying on, you may go, and I will sit down as I am and do a sprig of my embroidery. By and by I will call you to change me to my silver gray."

"Mistis mustn't change. Mistis must keep like she is now, and let all the beaus that call see her!" pleaded Myrtilla, genuinely eager.

"No, no, no. Of course not. How can you think of such a thing? I shall wear no colors till after——" the sixth of June occurred to her, and she hastened to put the dismal thought away. Certainly there would be no harm in remaining dressed as she was till nearly five o'clock. He would not be likely to step through the garden gate till five.

She sat on alone, worked two sprigs, knocked over a china shepherdess, cut the cards to see whether he would come or not, then took up a copy of Pope's Essay on Man, and read, to compose her mind.

Inevitable result!

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Lucilla was awakened by the clock on the landing striking five vigorous strokes. Alarmed, she sprang to her feet. The house was quiet. Belowstairs her indulged servants were amusing themselves in their own way. Lucilla, never stopping to think what gown she had on, ran down the broad steps with their railing of carved mahogany, across the Turkey rugs spread on the polished boards of the lower hall, past some tapestries of Gobelins that she thought ugly things; into the drawing-room where the women had just been putting fresh flowers and boughs of blossoming shrubs into every vase, making a carnival of spring.

No one there! Breathing easier, she went out into the garden in the rear.

That, too, was empty. Lucilla, trying to walk as befitted the mistress of the mansion, stepped down a gravel path, on either side of which, under a verdant canopy of leaves, box-hedges shut off borders filled with bushes in recent leaf and bud, and the flamboyant flowers of the Northern spring.

Since it was the family's habit to retire to their seat on the Hudson with the first warm days of June, the gardener's orders were to decorate these beds and parterres with whatever made April and May most beautiful. Thus had he delayed the bloom of tulips and jonquils, and hastened that of lilies-of-the-valley and bleeding-hearts. The result was as if the earth had broken up in flowers. And beyond the trees, at the lower end, flowed the silver current of the broad river; beyond that again rose the far green heights of the New Jersey shore, more beautiful only in their many-hued garments of October.

In pleasant proximity to the water stood a kiosque of lattice-work, covered with thick foliage, in which a bench and table offered repose to the passer-by. Here Lucilla dropped into a seat, her fears and coquetries merged suddenly and irresistibly into the thrilling realization of her first passion. She could struggle against it no longer. She did love him, devotedly, tenderly. For his sake she would as lief abandon all her state and riches to follow him like a beggar-maid throughout the world.

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Since she might not put away these riches, what joy, what glory to lavish them on him! She had heard of the failing fortune of his family, of the necessity upon him to give up many things enjoyed by other men of his rank and place; and her chief fear was lest these circumstances might continue to keep him at a distance. During a restless night she had convinced herself that they alone were accountable for his brusque, almost rude, manner at their parting the day before.

The revealer of sweet secrets called intuition had assured her that Laurence's heart was really hers. It could be then only his poverty that kept him from declaring himself. And to Lucilla that seemed such a little, little thing. What were her youth, her charms, her fervor, if she could not conquer that?

A man's step upon the gravel.

Lucilla clasped her hands in a supreme effort to hold herself in restraint. With her breath shortened by the quick pulsing of her heart against which his flowers rested, her blushes rising, her eyes deeper with feeling than any one had ever before seen them, she turned to meet her lover—and behold, instead—Arnold Warriner!

Cruel disappointment! Her voice sounded thin as she cried out to him:

"You here? I gave no orders. I wanted to be alone."

"I felt sure of it, sweet cousin," he said placatingly; "and believe me, I should never have followed up the hint Pompey gave about his mistress being out-of-doors had I not thought you would be inclined for a little chat with me."

"Chat? I am tired of chat! Tired of gossips and prating tongues, and of my house being a thoroughfare for idle people!" she exclaimed with scant civility.

Arnold bore it well. With a slight shrug he said:

"I had thought my late cousin's home was open to his nearest kinsman; but it seems I was overtrustful of Mrs. Warriner's hospitality; and, if it so pleases her, I shall go."

"No, no, Arnold; stay till I have asked your pardon for my pettishness. I slept little last night, and have had much to worry me. I sent mamma off in the chariot in order to have a long afternoon alone. If you must go now, come back and sup with us later, and give me my revenge at piquet," she concluded, with a little too much cordiality.

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Warriner fixed his eyes upon her as if to read her soul.

"You want to be rid of me, Lucilla? Me, who have——"

"Oh! please don't," she interrupted, detecting with dismay a sentimental cadence in his tones. "Be content that you have made me feel ashamed of my bad manners. I suppose the country mouse can't stand living with the town mice. At any rate, I am out of tune with people."

Although she seemed desirous to make amends, Arnold saw the young woman was unhinged, nervous, impatient of interruption. For the first time, he owned to himself that this might mean preoccupation with thoughts of another man, and a wave of jealous resentment swept over him. Could it be that Bellingham's babble of the night before had foundation in reality? That while he, Arnold, had been dawdling, deliberating in the primrose path, Hope had marched boldly up to the citadel and taken it by storm?

"COUSIN," SHE ADDED DREARILY, "I NEED NOT APPEAL TO YOUR RESPECT FOR ME TO KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE DISCOVERED, SO FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, TO YOURSELF"

Yet never, to Arnold's knowledge, had the two met in private. Hope's opportunities were those of every other caller in the discreet Lucilla's drawing-room. When they had been seen in company together, Hope had, rather than otherwise, kept his distance from the widow. The thing was incredible. Arnold Warriner outwitted, outstripped, made to feel himself a boy in the art of which he was past-master—the winning of feminine hearts?

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"Rumor has it that you are in tune—melodiously in tune—with at least one person of your acquaintance," he said, not pausing to choose his words, his eyes flashing, his handsome mouth wreathed with a curl of satire. "But I can hardly believe that the woman who has the honor to support my family's name and place could stoop from her eminence to care for a——"

"Take care, Cousin," said Lucilla, now more under control than he. Her light laugh stung him.

"I tell you it is a scoundrel you are permitting to toy with your fancy," he blurted out, beside himself. "A man, doubly false, if he has let you think you rule his heart."

"Whatever he is—for I shall not deny that I know to whom you would allude," she said haughtily, "Captain Hope will soon be here to answer for himself."

"You are expecting him—him?" exclaimed Warriner, opening wide his eyes. "Is it possible you alone are unaware of the incident with which all the town is ringing—the death of both of Hope's parents, within a few hours of one another? But everybody does not know, as I do, the fact of his elopement last evening with Eve Watson, his mother's pretty serving-girl, which must have precipitated the attack from which the poor lady died."

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"It is false—false!" cried poor Lucilla, starting electrically, and turning deathly pale. "Did you come here to torture me?"

"Heaven knows I did not! I came because I knew that your mother had gone abroad alone, and I wanted the opportunity of a private talk with you on my own account. But I cannot let you—were there no feeling on my part, my relation to you would not permit me to let you—be unwarned about this man. Oh! Lucilla, why did I allow matters to go so far?"

"Speak—tell me—give me proofs!" she cried wildly, and then dropped exhausted on her bench, burying her head in her hands on the table before her.

Her brain seemed about to burst, as she listened to his tale of what Bellingham and he had witnessed the day before in the dusk before Mrs. Pips' shop. To follow up the disclosure by giving Hope the benefit of a doubt did not occur to her. In that moment she was only a loving woman, chilled, tricked, scorned by the man she idolized.

In a flash came back to her Hope's emotion at her suggestion of Eve. With this certainty, reason could have no power to guide her. As impetuously as she had loved, she resented the slight he had put upon her. To go to that low-born girl—after leaving her—after stopping, on the way, to send her the flowers so fondly treasured! With a movement of disgust she tore the starry blossoms from below her heart and dashed them upon the gravel. Into this tumult of feeling entered no sympathy for the domestic affliction that had overtaken her false lover. She could feel only that he had deliberately shared her love and the love of another woman and had had the misfortune to be found out. Good Heavens! How could she have loved this creature?

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Warriner, although he had a man's natural antipathy to scenes in which an hysterical woman takes the leading rôle, held his ground pertinaciously and with considerable tact. He saw that this was no time to press his own claims upon her notice. Rather would he wait until an opportunity might offer to soothe her sorrow and make her feel his virtues in comparison with Hope's iniquity. Therefore, when after a burst of crying she lifted her tear-stained face toward him, Warriner was gazing at her gently, forbearingly, as one does at a grieved and disappointed child. Lucilla was conscious of a sense of gratitude. Amid her confusion of wounded pride and slain love it was good to feel that some one wanted to shelter her from evil-doers and lift her up again to her pedestal among women revered and honored.

"Forgive me, Arnold, that I was so cross with you. You are my kind brother, and I thank you for your sympathy. Let us speak no more of one unworthy to be mentioned between us."

"But, Cousin," answered the suave Captain, "let us give the devil his due. Even if Hope—whom I must regard as a monstrous simpleton—had promised to attend you here, how could he in decency have done so to-day? I have heard that he has returned—has been recalled—to his home. Perhaps he has already repented of last night's flitting; but——"

"Oh, don't! I can't bear you to speak of it so," she interrupted. "If he did repent, trust me, it would not be I who would value so light a love. Cousin," she added drearily, "I need not appeal to your respect for me to keep what you have discovered, so far as I am concerned, to yourself. It is my part to put Captain Hope and his affairs out of my thoughts forever!"

The cruel resolution was too much for her. She faltered and again dropped her face into her hands upon the table.

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Arnold remained speechless, immobile, but full of speculation. He was considering that esoteric condition of femininity, old as the hills, although thus depicted by a writer much later than Arnold Warriner's date: "With women there's nothing between two poles of emotion toward an interesting male acquaintance. 'Tis either love or hate."

He was filled with wonder at the easy rolling of a great stone from his path. So far as appeared, matters between Lucilla and Hope had not gone to lengths which would leave on her a lasting impression. After this, the widow would not wish to hear Hope spoken of, whatever the outcome of his affair with the beautiful Eve. Most lucky of all was it that the public had not been taken into confidence. No one could positively aver that Lucilla had cared for Hope; and it should be Arnold's task to see that a very different rumor was shortly spread abroad!

Warriner, judging Hope by himself, did not doubt that he had been playing a double game—making hay with pretty Eve while the sun shone, and at the same time plotting to win the richest prize in the matrimonial market. As to serious purpose in the "elopement," Arnold could not impute to any man in Hope's circumstances such lunacy.

Hope's present withdrawal, through conventional necessity, from the arena of love-making, was a godsend to Warriner. He had not been able to restrain an uncomfortable fear that, if Hope chose, he could yet smooth matters over and

that no man living but himself should step into the unoccupied niche at Lucilla's side.

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The livelong day Laurence had sat like a statue in the room upstairs near that which contained the mortal remains of his parents.

Early that evening they had found Christopher Hope sleeping his last sleep in his bed. He never knew the blow that had robbed him of his wife.

And now only Laurence was left between his line and its extinction. Friends had come and gone, but no relatives were there to mourn with him. It had been intolerably slow, the passing of these hours during which he had reckoned up the milestones of his life in the old house, vainly sorrowing because he could not recall things done or left undone to the two who lay near him locked in eternal silence.

When their feet should have been carried out from it the young man felt that he would wish to fly forever from the ghostly place. Continually he longed for the light step and gentle voice of Eve. With her were associated the only stirrings of young and wholesome life these rooms had known since he and his brother had sported there as boys. It had been so good to meet the gleam in Eve's eye responsive to his occasional bursts of youthful spirit. He recalled their whispered conversations, their smothered laughs, their comradeship, the fact that they were the only ones in the house on the hither side of half a century in age!

Eve would have known how to answer the kind inquiries, the neighborly offers that all day had been coming in, and that he had repulsed so stupidly; and oh! how he wanted to have with him somebody who had loved *them*—somebody to weep for him the tears that would not come into his own eyes.

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But Eve did not come. Early in the day he had dispatched a note to her, as was her due, telling her the sad story of his bereavement. He had felt so sure it would bring her that he did not stop to consider what might keep her back.

And there was a deeper disappointment rankling in his heart. News in that small community flew fast, and it was not possible Mrs. Warriner had not heard of his misfortune. Among all the cards and notes and offered sympathies there had been none from her. Could it be that she willingly ignored him?

If ever woman read man's heart in his eyes, she must have seen, when they parted yesterday, that he loved her—only her; and seeing this, she had consented to make tryst with him. At that very hour he should have been treading upon air to lift the latch of her garden gate, to breathe the sweet odors of spring around her, to own the world with her alone! And instead, he was waiting here, face to face with grim sorrow, whiling away the leaden moments in constraint and solitude. Heaven! were all women made like these two, who had forsaken him in his first dark hour of need?

In those days a house of mourning was made more grewsome by the universal livery of woe assumed, outside and in. The gloomy officials who had charge of such matters looked in upon the desolate young man, asked for directions and glided out again. Chloe, a very Niobe of tears, wept afresh every time she approached her young master, and in the effort to restrain herself contorted her face so comically that once Laurie laughed aloud, making her believe he was following the example of his maternal ancestress darkly spoken of in the family as "deranged."

At last, in despair, he opened a chink of the heavy shutters at the west, letting in a last ray of light from the setting sun, and sought for a book on the little stand beside which his mother had been wont to sit. On the inner side of this piece of furniture hung a ring of brass, and by pulling it Laurie had been used as a little boy to evoke the mystery of a certain sliding desk.

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Mechanically he presently turned from his volume, of which he had not understood one word, to try at the desk as of old. He could almost hear his mother say, "Don't, Laurie!" in her clear, masterful tones. The desk glided into sight, revealing its well-worn upper surface covered with cotton velvet. Lifting this, he found the interior stocked with appurtenances for writing and a series of Eve's account-books, neatly kept.

In sheer weariness of spirit he opened one, then another, of these. They had all to do with recent expenditures in the household, and were accompanied by statements from his father's man of affairs, that the poor gentleman had not been allowed to see.

As Laurence read, the blood mounted to his face. For a long time, it would appear, their house had been tottering to its financial fall. The revenues of the family did not pretend to equal its necessary outlay. Who, then, had supplied deficiencies that should have been met by him?

In a flash came to him Mrs. Pips' hint about Eve's private needlework and the money supposed to be accruing to her account. He recalled the girl's constant application to odds and ends of fine stitchery the nature of which he had not fathomed, but that he had often urged her to put down. For him and his she had stripped herself of hard earnings. To bar the wolf from the Queen Street door the brave little girl had lent all her strength. And none of the Hopes had apparently been the wiser. They had all used her, called her hither and thither, depended upon her, and, in the end, chased her like a disgraced menial from beneath their roof!

Laurence choked, and sprang to his feet. He could no longer stand the air of this room, borne down with familiar scents. It seemed to him to be redolent of ingratitude. For the first time in hours he crossed the threshold, passed the door behind which Death's mystery was couched, and went down to the floor below.

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Laurence rarely, if he could help himself, entered these great, deserted rooms. The treasures of their bygone finery, so admired by his townspeople, were to him inexpressibly dreary and depressing. The holland bags in which the furniture was shrouded made whitish patches in the dusk. The wide parqueted floor was a gleaming desert. But upon cabinets and pier tables of the chief saloon stood certain objects of value imported from the Old World in the palmy days of the family, and of these he now wished to assure himself. He knew they would find ready sale among the wealthy residents of the town, and his intention was, from the proceeds of such sale, to settle a sum upon Eve which she should be made to look upon as a bequest from her late employers. That would be little enough in requital for her self-sacrifices. What a heart of gold was hers! He had been blind and foolhardy to turn aside from her to fix his fancy upon a spoiled coquette.

Through all his loyal desire to do Eve justice the longing for Lucilla had been struggling uppermost. He was cut to the heart that she still withheld from him even the smallest token of her regard.

As his wounded feelings found vent in this final bitter thought, Eve ran in through the rear door. She was bathed in tears, and her dress muddy and disordered, showed that she had come afoot. But her face, illumined with love and sympathy, brought him a quick sense of renewed life and cheer.

"It is against my father's orders," she cried brokenly. "Oh, Laurie, did he suppose I could leave you alone—to-day?"

"Eve! my brave, true little heroine! It would need a lifetime to tell what I think of you. For I have found you out, dear. Your generosity has put me to keen shame——"

"What was it to do for them—for you?" she said, faltering. "Laurie, take it from your sister, who has come to mourn with you our dear ones. Oh! since we parted, I have seen things in a new light. Your poor mother had right on her side, and all that has passed between you and me must be forgotten by us both. Go with me, and by her side I will renew the vow made to my father never to think of marrying you."

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Her voice failed through heartfelt sobbing. Laurence, waiting until he could venture to take her upstairs, stood beside her, gently stroking her bright hair.

While they remained together thus, the heavy mahogany door leading into the entrance-hall creaked inward on unused hinges, and from without floated to Laurence the soft accents of a voice that made his heart stand still.

"You will say that, of course, I do not expect your master to come down. That I called merely to inquire."

Directly Chloe appeared, ushering into the dusky room a vision so resplendent in youth and timorous beauty that the young man started away from Eve as if he had been shot—but not until the newcomer had taken in a full impression of the scene!

It was Lucilla, in hood and tippet, as she had just stepped from her chair outside! Lucilla, who after her passionate denunciation of him to Arnold in the garden had gone to her room and straightway lapsed into hot repentance for hasty judgment! Lucilla, who yielding to an irresistible impulse had come here, regardless of all else, to mourn with him in his sorrow!

Eve could not fathom the moment of freezing silence that ensued, but with a bow full of modest dignity she passed the stranger by and left them together.

"You do not speak?" cried Laurence imploringly. "Yet you could extend to me this act of womanly compassion in the stunning blow that kept me from seeking you today? Surely you don't regret it? Oh! if you knew how I have wearied for even a line in your handwriting, to say that you felt my grief——"

"You see you were not disappointed," said Mrs. Warriner, holding her beautiful head high, and speaking in a clear, metallic voice. "And now, perhaps, you will be so good as to recall your servant and have me shown to my chair?"

"Lucilla!" exclaimed he, making two strides to where she stood with her hand upon the knob of the door, then pausing, remembering the dread Presence in his home.

Lucilla did not exert herself to answer his mute appeal. With one look that spoke volumes she turned and vanished.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BOY THAT DARED

BY WARREN McVEIGH

Drawing by F. Lowenheim

UP ON New York's great East Side, at the foot of Eighty-sixth Street, is a vacant sand lot. The lot is triangular in shape, and one end of it juts, nose-like, out into the East River. This little nose of the sand lot is called "The Beach" on the upper East Side, and every afternoon in the summer time there gather here hundreds of boys, who, clothed only in short trunks, spend hour after hour in the water, drying themselves after the swim in the hot sun, or in front of an improvised fire.

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It was here that The Boy That Dared was to be found on a certain very hot afternoon not so long ago. James Jackson was his name, but January was what they all called him; why, nobody—not even January—knew.

If January were to be pitied, he certainly did not know of it. His life was comparatively comfortable. In the summer he loafed and slept in the open air. In the winter he did about the same thing, only he slept in stables and hall doors. Two nightmares he had: the police and the Children's Society. Brass buttons were the emblem of both nightmares, and January hated brass buttons.

January was the leader of a "gang." That is the proud eminence to which every little wharf-rat aspires. To be a leader of a gang one has to swim better, fight better and excel one's fellows in all other branches of athletics and art, and January so excelled. And above all things, January never "took a dare." Lots of boys will tell you they never took one, but there are mighty few who can say so truthfully.

January was the one boy who never had backed out of any task set for him by his comrades, and so they looked up to him and thought him the finest leader a gang had ever had. A gang, it should be said, is not the horrible thing the world makes it out to be. It is simply a little clan of boys who stand by each other when there's a snowball battle going on, and who treat each other when there are any pennies in the exchequer.

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It was a hot afternoon, then, and January and his friends were dressing themselves—or undressing themselves, rather—for a swim. There were about twenty boys in the party, and a great overgrown mongrel cur to watch the clothes while the boys were in swimming.

Pedro was very warm himself, and would have liked nothing better than a dip in the water, but a heavy fog lay down over the river and the beach, and Pedro knew that if he but left the clothes for one instant somebody might creep up in the fog and steal them.

So at the word of command from January, he threw himself down on the hot sand and put one great paw on top of the little pile of old trousers and shirts that did duty as clothing for his two-legged friends.

All undressed, the boys were about to make a dash for the water, when off in the fog they heard the tooting of a steamboat. A few seconds later the strains of a brass band came over the water. The boys stopped and listened. They could plainly hear the churning of the steamboat's paddle-wheels, and the strains of the band, and the laughter of those on board. Pedro, who didn't like music, howled.

"What's dat?" asked a very young member of the party.

"Picnic," said one of his elders, and then, whooping and howling, they ran down the beach. Suddenly a piercing shriek came through the fog. The boys stopped short again and looked at each other. Again the shriek came over the water to them.

By this time the excursion boat was very near to them. The shrieks of a woman plainly told all they wanted to know.

"It's a kid," cried January.

"You dassn't," exclaimed a boy near him, and January and all the rest of the crowd looked at him.

"Don't do it, January," said half a dozen of his friends, but the leader of the gang was on his mettle now.

"I dassn't, eh?" he chuckled, and then with one leap he was in deep water and going with the side-stroke like a young seal in the direction of the excursion boat. All this had taken but a second, and the next moment the half-hearted crowd on the beach saw Pedro dart by them and go head-first into the water after his friend and master, for the dog had scented the danger.

January swam with all his strength, and pretty soon he made out on the top of the water a little bundle of clothes bobbing around. The boy knew then that the child had, by some miracle, taken kindly to the water and escaped so far with its little lungs empty. Two or three strokes brought him to its side, and he grabbed it with one hand and turned over on his back and began to float. He placed the little one on his breast, and looking into its pretty blue eyes began to pet it with the few homely words his untutored soul suggested to him. A moment later something cold touched the side of his face, and turning his head he saw his dog.

"Hello, Pedro," he chuckled; "look at the kid. Ain't it pretty?"

Pedro snorted and then swam around, ready to render any assistance that might be needed. Then the boy heard the dipping of oars, and he knew that the steamer had lowered a small boat, so he held on to the baby firmly, and called out to the men in the boat with all his might. A few minutes later the small boat came alongside of him, and he and the child were hauled into it.

•

January reached the deck of the steamboat, and a woman threw herself upon him and began to cry. Another woman, evidently the child's mother, had the little baby in her arms hugging it to her heart to warm it a little. Men flocked about January, and one of them handed him a dollar bill.

"T'anks," said January, and he thrust the dollar bill underneath his trunks.

"My brave lad——" began another man. January scented a speech.

"What you giving us?" he snorted, and then he went over and patted the baby's wet cheek. The little one looked up at him and smiled from ear to ear.

"So long," cried January, and before any one could stop him, he quickly mounted the railing and plunged into the river. When he came to the surface again he was quite a distance from the steamboat, and Pedro was there waiting for him.

"Come on, old Pedro," cried January, and so they swam back to the beach.

"Well," said January, as he produced the dollar bill and showed it to the admiring gang, "I dassn't, didn't I?"

Through the fog came three shrill whistles from the steamboat. It was saluting January, and the leader of the gang and all the rest of the gang gave three cheers in answer. Then January and his friends finished their swim, and that night they spent January's riches at the outdoor circus.

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BOOKS of the WEEK

The Lake Poets at Home *

FEW men have lived so full a life as that of Ellis Yarnall, whose memoirs, Wordsworth and the Coleridges, have just appeared. His recollections go back seventy-five years—think of it—to Lafayette's visit to America in 1824. He remembers the big coach and the "six cream-colored horses," and all the pomp of the French hero's reception. He remembers the arrival of the first steamship from England—this was in 1838—and he saw the Great Duke, a serene old man in "knee breeches and black silk stockings."

Though he met many famous publicists and statesmen, the main interest of Mr. Yarnall's memoirs centres in his reminiscences of Wordsworth and the Lakers, and their sons and daughters. It was in August, 1849, that he visited Rydal Mount and saw Wordsworth —"a tall figure, a little bent with age, his hair thin and gray, and his face deeply wrinkled." Their conversation was not memorable, though they talked of American "expansion" and the rush to California, of Henry VIII ("I loathe his memory," the old poet exclaimed), and of many other things.

"I should like to spend another month in France before I close my eyes," said Wordsworth—a remark as good in its way as Doctor Johnson's apocryphal, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street."

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Then there is a glimpse of Southey's grandchildren—three curly little youngsters at play in the famous cottage at the foot of Skiddaw. Time is a sad taskmaster; only the other day one of them was sent to prison as a rogue. Guided by Coleridge's son—the clergyman, for poor Hartley Coleridge's life was at an end—Mr. Yarnall wandered over the Lake country, and his descriptions are singularly real and beautiful, as any one who has climbed Skiddaw will attest. There is a vignette of Harriet Martineau, very old and deaf; you see Kingsley "over his pipe," and the Kebles, and Lord Coleridge, and many men notable in their day.

There is a good story of Angus Fletcher, the sculptor, who asked Tennyson to read some of his poetry to him. "No," was the reply, "I will do no such thing. You only want to take me off with the blue-stockings about here. I will not give you that triumph. I will read you something from Milton."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Fletcher; "I consider that quite as good poetry."

Mr. Yarnall's recollections cover most fully the period of the Civil War, and there is an excellent chapter on the attitude of England and the House of Commons. Almost in the way of prophecy is Bishop Watson's hope—that England should enter into "an alliance, cordial, sincere, offensive and defensive, with America."

• • •

A Glimpse of Old Cambridge †

Colonel Higginson had a chance to do for Cambridge what Andrew Lang did for Oxford—what Mr. Clarke did for that other Cambridge on the Cam; and, as his book is the first volume in a new series of National Studies, one had the right to expect an important contribution to letters and collegiate history. After one has got over one's disappointment at the meagreness of the performance there is a great deal to enjoy in these highly linked pages.

The pictures of provincial Cambridge of sixty years ago are not uninteresting. The gossip about Holmes—his cheery irreligion, his sunny egotism—is capital in its way. To our knowledge of Longfellow, Colonel Higginson adds very little. Like many of Longfellow's friends, he seems to be unable to draw the triumphal car of the great, popular poet without throwing poor Edgar Poe under the wheels. This juggernaut method, unhappily, was the fashion in the Boston of forty years ago, and Colonel Higginson has not outgrown it.

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The sketch of Lowell is not wholly sympathetic, and for this very reason, it may be, contains a larger measure of truth. In the letter of "an eminent clergyman, lately deceased," there is an account of Lowell's suspension from college that throws the limelight on his character. He had been chosen class poet. The next day he came into chapel a trifle late. "His handsome face was richly suffused with the purple glow of youth and wreathed in smiles as he rose" (the service had already begun) "and bowed, smirking to right and left, to the surprised congregation."

The boyish conceit and absurdity of this proceeding was not without parallel in his later life. One of Lowell's remarks, quoted here, is new. Said he: "Browning is a Jew, but will not admit it. No one who has studied his face can doubt it. Besides, if you dine with a Jew in London you are sure to meet Browning"—a rather unconvincing argument. —*Vance Thompson.*

* Wordsworth and the Coleridges. By Ellis Yarnall.

† Old Cambridge. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *The Macmillan Company.*

• • •

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Mr. Watt's Heathen Chinee.—Bret Harte took a pleasant way of showing his friendship toward his literary agent. Mr. A. P. Watt, of London, has for years handled Mr. Harte's manuscripts, and during his recent trip to America he exhibited with pleasurable pride a Christmas gift from the novelist. It is a watch charm made out of a nugget of Californian gold, in the form of the Heathen Chinee.

•

Mrs. Ward's New Novel.—When Mrs. Humphry Ward is writing a novel her household is distinctly aware of the fact. She retires into the country and shuts herself in from the larger world; her meals are sent to her room, and her little world revolves silently, methodically and usefully.

When the novel is completed, the novelist, her children and her husband, the lecturer, start for Italy, where they have a family reunion and renew each other's acquaintance. Mrs. Ward is varying her program this year. She is in Italy now, and is writing a new novel which will appear in serial form next fall. A scenario of the work was received the other day, and below are a few extracts from it which are especially interesting in being Mrs. Ward's idea of her own story.

Here is the man:

> "He is thirty-two, of good family, with some experience of the diplomatic and social world, eccentric and fastidious. Has inherited some money, withdrawn from active life and given himself over to writing, traveling and the getting of "experience." A maker of books and phrases. Magnificent head and shoulders, set on a somewhat clumsy and ungainly frame. A magnetic, brilliant, faulty creature, more attractive to women than to men. But a certain force of genius—which is not unlovable—makes him incapable of subordination and concentration."

This is one of the women:

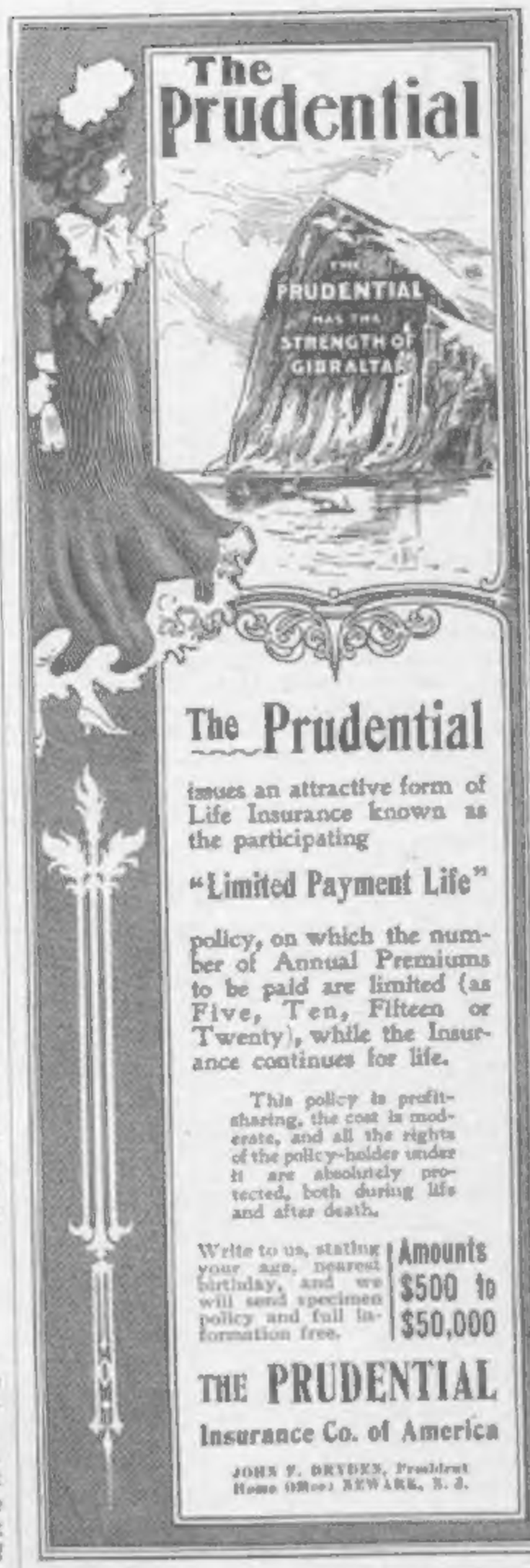
> "Fragile, sympathetic, plaintive. Not handsome, but charming—beautiful eyes. Grace in mind and movement. Intellectual and responsive. . . . Beneath the outward grace and plaintive sweetness there is a passionate and fevered state."

Mrs. Ward sums up the book as follows:

> "The book will be a pure love story within its framing and atmosphere—as much suggestion as possible, without set descriptions and without antiquarianism, of the great ghosts and the great ideas that meet in Rome. But very little of the action passes in Rome. Rome is a near, haunting presence. The vast villa with its bare rooms and terraced garden, the woods of Albano and the slopes of the Tusculum form the main setting."

•

Aldrich's Trip Round the World.—Thomas Bailey Aldrich and his family were last heard of in the Philippines. Mr. Aldrich has been abroad for nearly a year, and is not expected to return until next October. Since the poet inherited, with his children, nearly half a million dollars from the estate of a wealthy chocolate manufacturer, he has been taking life easy, and this prolonged trip round the world is purely in the line of recreation, and if his peregrination bears any fruit it will be altogether as a matter of inclination and largely a labor of love.



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HOW MEN MAKE THEIR FIRST $1000

DARIUS OGDEN MILLS

By PERRITON MAXWELL

THE accumulation of wealth as a commendable means of self-education is a proposition that could be advanced by but one kind of man—the daring, thinking, successful kind; and men who dare and think and succeed are rare.

It requires courage to declare that the race for dollars, in which we are all entered, makes only for the intellectual good of mankind. There is a heretical smack about it which we at first resent and then think about. Popular belief is dead against the theory, and yet—when the theorist is twenty-five times a millionaire, a man of culture and refinement, and shows a disposition to help others as well as himself, it is not profitable nor wise nor polite to ignore him. The theorist in this case is Darius Ogden Mills, financier and philanthropist, and the educational value of money-getting was never better demonstrated to him than in the painfully slow gathering of his first $1000.

•

KNOWLEDGE OF MEN THE KEY TO SUCCESS

"To know men and read their motives is to have the Midas touch," says he. "A boy cannot be expected to have the accomplishments which come only after a long pursuit of wealth. This is what I mean by the educational advantages of money-seeking: the planning, this way and that, to make a profit, the exercise of foresight, spurring the imagination and the reasoning faculties, the constant daily rubbing of wit against wit, always remaining mentally receptive, self-controlled and alert—these are the factors of self-education, the text-books, as it were, of the great lesson of success."

That Darius O. Mills is one of the wealthiest men of the land is due to his early determination to make the most of the raw material given him by Nature. Born in North Salem, Westchester County, New York, seventy-four years ago, he was thrown upon his own resources at the age of sixteen. He was confronted with the difficult problem of how to wrest a livelihood from an indifferent world. He was about to enter the primary class of the great school of monetary education. With the usual hardihood of youth, he dared starvation in New York, and won himself a trusted clerkship in a day. A fortnight later the first dollar of his first $1000 was laid aside in a bureau drawer.

DARIUS OGDEN MILLS

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THE RESULT OF SIX YEARS' SAVING

Just six short years after he arrived in New York Mr. Mills had saved his first $1000. Nor had he lived meanly in these years. His salary as a clerk was small, but his tastes were simple; he had cultivated no expensive habits, but he had denied himself no rational pleasure. There was a lively thrill of joy in the process of up-building his pile of dollars.

No definite idea as to what should be done with his increasing store of wealth had come to the young accumulator. His ambition did not go beyond the thousand-dollar mark; that was the happy goal upon which his eye was fixed.

The young clerk's hoarding had grown large enough, he thought, to place at interest in a bank. He had picked out the institution where his $900 already saved should earn for itself a merry four per cent. Life had a rosy tinge. The money was kept securely locked in a big, old-fashioned "bureau." The morning of the day young Mills intended to deposit his savings in the bank he had carefully counted his roll of bills to make sure they were all there. Then he left his room and went to his office.

•

SAVING UP FOR A BURGLAR

Just before noon a sneak-thief broke into the house in which Mills was boarding and ransacked his room as thoroughly as he did those of the other boarders. The old-fashioned bureau was not forgotten by the house-breaker. The contents of every drawer was emptied on the floor in a hasty search for valuables. But by one of those singular freaks of fortune the package of bills—the greater portion of Mills' first $1000—was tossed down between the drawer in which it had been and the back of the dresser.

The thief never was caught, and the youthful Mills in despairing mood, yet not wholly crushed by what he supposed was his irrecoverable loss, set about saving another thousand dollars. Pen fails to picture the shock of joy experienced by the plucky clerk when, on moving his cumbersome piece of furniture several weeks after the robbery, he found his precious roll of banknotes, none the worse for a slight coating of dust. Mr. Mills lost no time in placing the money beyond the reach of petty pilferers.

•

A BANKER AT TWO-AND-TWENTY

With his savings, Mr. Mills, at the age of twenty-two, bought a third interest in a small bank in Buffalo, New York. He was made cashier of the bank, and was in a fair way to become a staid and humdrum banker when he was smitten with the gold fever.

He sailed for California in December, 1848. His first $1000 had grown to many times its bulk, and with this money he made a trading expedition up and down the Pacific coast. In November, 1849, he returned to Buffalo with $40,000.

While in the West Mr. Mills developed a rare versatility for conducting many commercial ventures successfully. He became largely interested in mines on the great Comstock lode, and secured control of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad leading to it, and of the immense forests about Lake Tahoe which supplied it. In 1864 he founded the Bank of California in San Francisco, heading the subscription for the capital and assuming the Presidency. It became one of the best-known banks in America, with the highest credit in the financial centres both of Europe and Asia. These are the bald facts of a remarkable career. As for the intellectual equipment for this career, let the man speak for himself.

"While money-making is an education, the broad experience thus acquired teaching discrimination in both men and the affairs of the world, still there is danger in giving too much thought to the mere accumulation of dollars and cents," says Mr. Mills in explanation of his theories of wealth.

"Riches acquired are, after all, but a means to an end, and the acquisitive spirit should never stand in the way of a man's interest in things beyond monetary valuation."

The name of D. O. Mills is intimately associated with the solving of one of the greatest of modern sociological problems, the housing of the homeless man. The Mills Hotels of New York for deserving poor men are a wonder of modern economics.

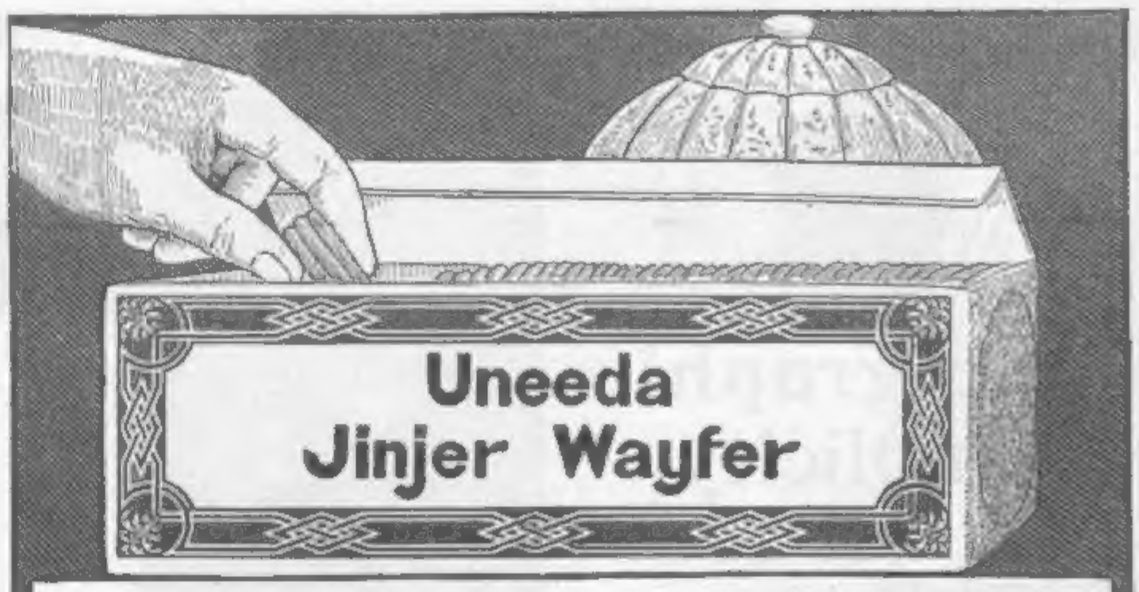
•

THE MORAL POWER OF "HUSTLING"

Reverting to the important question of one's first $1000, Mr. Mills lays stress upon the good it does in bringing to the surface a man's most admirable qualities. "As a lad, I didn't bother much about getting my share of the wealth my father was going to leave me. I was taught self-dependence, and it was fortunate for me that I realized that my future was in my own keeping. There is much moral power in 'hustling.' A great many young men waste their best years in waiting to fill dead men's shoes. When they get them the shoes are usually several sizes too large for their new owners.

"An inheritance is a dangerous thing. Take away from a young man the necessity for earning his own living and you make a characterless manikin of him. No one can found a fortune without making a clean start from the ground upward.

"It is not the mere piling up of the first $1000 which moulds the character and creates mastery, but the habit, the mental attitude. The best illustration of this is found in the depression and carelessness of the man who has 'gone broke.' Give a man the power to save $1000 unaided and by the work of his own naked hands and you have equipped him with the two-edged tools of fortune."



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So Benjamin Franklin was wont to declare, and America never possessed a closer student of human nature than he.

Once, when pressed for an explanation, he answered that "even in the matter of eating, most human beings use so little discretion that they continually shorten their lives; and any one who allows his habits to take even a minute from his life is next door to a suicide."

The same conditions are true to-day—more so. People habitually eat certain foods, not because they are wholesome, but because they are "fashionable" and taste good.

One of the most foolishly fashionable foods is ordinary "white" bread. Nature's flour cannot be "white," because the strength-giving phosphates of the wheat kernel are of a dark brown color. These must be removed in order to make flour "white," and the result is a flour, fashionable perhaps, but foolishly reduced in nutrition.

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